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REDMEN PLAY 'HILL TEAM HERE TONIGHT

Executive Reverses Ball Umps' Decision

Aurora Protest Approved When Officers Meet In Allandale

NEWMARKET TO RE-PLAY

By J. F. WITHROW

The Aurora-Newmarket softball situation reached the height of its hectic career in Allandale on Tuesday night, when the executive of the group met to consider Aurora's protest of the game played there with the Redmen on Thursday of last week.

The Reds trimmed the Aurora team 6-2. The second game was halted by darkness with Aurora leading and declared no contest. In the re-play of this game last Thursday the Reds took a lead in the seventh inning and, according to the Newmarket club, Aurora began to stall in the hope that this game would also be called because of darkness, and finally quit altogether, refusing to send a man to bat.

The crowd became unmanageable and swarmed on the field. Umpire Larry Molyneaux called the game in favor of Newmarket.

L. Sparks, who was in the position of being a member of the group executive as well as a member of the team, sent in a protest.

At the executive meeting, both umpires were asked to give their story of the game. The Aurorans, Molyneaux testified, had wasted time by passing the ball around the field and the pitcher had helped out by throwing wild balls over the screen. In the ninth inning, the Aurora team had refused to stick to their bench and to send a man to bat, he said. Taking his time from the turning-on of the street lights, the umpire stated that the hour at this point was not so late as when he had had to call the previous game.

The account given by "Hap" Neal, base umpire, corroborated Molyneaux's story.

Following a discussion, in which managers of both teams put forth their arguments, the executive reached a decision, apparently disregarding the testimony of the umpires, and declared that the game would have to be replayed.

In view of the fact that both umpires had been appointed with the approval of Sparks, who was a member of the Aurora team and also a member of the league executive, his lodging of the protest is hard for the local club to understand. The decision is even harder to understand.

The local club feel that it was unfair that Sparks, after signing the protest, should vote on the question as a member of the executive.

The wisdom of the verdict is thrown into further question when the executive was asked to make their second decision of the night: that of considering the Churchill-Utopia game on Tuesday night. In this game when Utopia took a huge lead, Churchill began to stall.

On the evidence of one umpire the executive decided that he was right in calling the game against the stalling team.

BOYS' WORKER IS WEEKEND VISITOR

C. L. Brown of Hamilton has an interesting job conducting a boys' camp at Erie Heights during July and August. Mr. Brown, accompanied by his wife and daughters, Marion and Shirley, visited his brother, J. W. Brown, for the weekend.

Six hundred underprivileged boys are accommodated at the camp during the summer, 150 for each two-week period. The camp is under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and Mr. Brown is secretary at Hamilton.

The camp has two dietitians, two groundsmen, one archer, one leather worker and hobby leader, one business manager and counsellor, one doctor and one chief of camp beside 14 leaders of groups into which the boys are divided.

See Era printers for good value



PRESS PRESIDENT

Eric M. Wilson, publisher of the Stayner Sun, was elected president of the York, Simcoe and Muskoka Press Association at the annual meeting in Huntsville. The Era was represented at the meeting by Chas. E. Cunningham.

Best Half Mile In Province Is Scene Of $800 Contest

Citizens Contribute Generously To Handsome Purses For Racing

Eight hundred dollars in purses is being offered at the harness races being held at the local track on Saturday.

There will be four classes and 12 heats, and the track is advertised by the Sportsmen's Association as the "best half mile track in Ontario."

The races commence at 2 o'clock and continue all afternoon.

In addition to the best of Ontario's harness horses, a number of Rochester horses are likely to be on hand. The track is said to be in first-class shape.

NEWMARKET BOWLERS WIN PRIZE AT MARKHAM

The Newmarket Bowling club sent two teams to Markham on Saturday to compete in the Scotch doubles tournament there. H. P. Gilman and W. L. Bosworth won a prize, while G. A. Binns and L. G. Riley failed to click. The tournament was called at the second game because of rain.

Davis Leather Co., Mayor Dr. S. J. Boyd, J. O. Little and other citizens have contributed generously to the prize money.

The admission price is 50 cents, public and separate school children free.

Sooner Live In India Than Here, Declare Missionaries

Brother-in-law Of Mrs. J. H. Wells Is Third Generation Missionary

By Bea Westcott

"People still think that missionaries in India are making a great sacrifice to live in a country of hardship, but I would not live in Canada, doing any other job, no matter what renumeration was attached to it," A. E. Slater told The Era this week. Mr. and Mrs. Slater and their three daughters are visiting Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Wells. Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Wells are sisters.

Mr. Slater is an agricultural expert, not a clergyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Slater make their home in the United provinces of northern India under the American board of foreign missions and have lived there for 27 years.

"Mr. Slater is a third generation missionary," Mrs. Slater said. "Our children are the fourth generation, their father, grandfather and great-grandfather were missionaries in the country and three generations of the family were born in India. India is our home, and we just visit in Canada.

"If you want to know what progress has been made in India, just look at our daughters. They are perfectly healthy and get a great

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CATTLE DO WELL

Animals from the herd of Schuyler C. Snively of Aurora scored well in the R.O.P. list released by the dominion department of agriculture this week.

EX-PRESIDENT WIRES

A wire was received from Herbert Hoover, former president of the United States, at the Hoover reunion held at Stouffville on Saturday. Herbert Hoover's great-grandfather, Edgar, remained in the United States when his three brothers, Martin, Daniel and John moved to Ontario in 1804.

VISITOR FROM SOO WINS BIKE

The five winners of $10 cash prizes at St. John's garden party, held on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, are J. D. Ryder, Ted Brewer and Pat Forhan, Jr., of Newmarket, Mrs. T. R. Saxon of Bradford and Mrs. Kenneth Jones of Newmarket.

Five dollar prizes were won by R. D. Ferguson, Toronto; Miss Betty Forhan, Newmarket; S. W. Kates, Newmarket; Mrs. M. Andrews, Toronto; Misses Mavis Wainman and Hilda McCaffrey of Newmarket; Mrs. Paul Jensen, Gormley; Norman Pickering, Newmarket; Dr. Phelan, Toronto, and Mel Stickwood, Newmarket.

The bicycle was won by Bud Frid of Sault Ste. Marie.

Lucky dodger prizes were all won by Newmarketers. Jos. Quinn won $5; Miss F. Flanagan, $3; Mrs. Lorne Duncan, $2.

Game Called For Reds When Aurora Fails To Go To Bat

Score Was 7-4 For Redmen In Ninth Inning Of Game

With Bill VanZant turning in one of his best pitching efforts this season, the Newmarket Redmen defeated the Aurorans on the latters' home grounds on Thursday by a score of 7-4.

Bill held the usually hard-hitting Aurora squad to a measly six hits, while he and his teammates pounded "Nugget" Shore's pitching all over the lot to the tune of 13 assorted hits.

This win, coupled with the win at home, gave the Reds the play-off berth with Richmond Hill for the group championship. The boys all had a hand in the slugging except Hilton and Gibney, who usually are good for a couple each, but these boys made up for it in the field.

Harry Brammer was the standout in the batting line-up with three hits out of four times at bat. VanZant fanned eight, including "Toar" Helmkay, who failed twice, and as a fan remarked, "When you strike out Helmkay, you're pitching."

An otherwise smartly played ball game was marred when Shore and his team-mates started stalling for time, hoping darkness would fall before the nine innings were completed. When the Redmen were put out in the ninth, the Aurorans failed to send a batter to the plate for their half of the inning. Umpire Molyneaux then called the game for the Reds.

Era printing prices are low.

ENTERTAINS FATHER - AND DAUGHTER AT TEA

Mrs. Edgar Neilly, Second St., entertained at a tea on Sunday in honor of her father, John Rogers, who was celebrating his 81st birthday and also her daughter, Muriel, who was celebrating her 17th birthday.

Among the guests was Mr. Rogers' only sister, Mrs. James McClay of Toronto, who is 86, and her son, John McClay of Detroit. The youngest guest was Mr. Rogers' two-year-old grandson Roger Belfry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Belfry, Yonge St.

Mr. Rogers has two daughters, Mrs. Neilly and Mrs. Belfry, and one son, Jim, with whom he lives. All live in Newmarket.

Mr. Rogers worked at the Office Specialty for about 12 years. He is not very well at the present time.

Paid Water And Light Commission Suggested

Town Council And Board Of Health Visit Robert Srigley Well

ARE STILL WORRIED

"The members of the town council, together with Clerk Mathews and the board of health have paid a visit of inspection to the new 'Robert Srigley' well on Srigley St., and there is an even possibility that they may see the present town water supply in a different light," Dr. J. H. Wesley, M.O.H., told The Era this week.

"One thing is evident, that, so far as an abundance of water is concerned, we have a well there that will, alone on its present capacity, supply all the needs of the town by pumping direct into the mains," Dr. Wesley said. "However, there are a few difficulties in the way.

"The immense volume of water rushes into a large, aerated, concrete tank, from whence it is pumped into three large filters. The filters are operated with a coarse grade of gravel which removes the greater part of the iron and muddy sediment, but it still contains material which is causing the town council grave concern.

"However, with the assistance of the town engineer and Dr. Berry of the provincial board of health, it is hoped that this wonderful find of water will be made to satisfy the people in every way.

"The council also examined the upper stand pipe (upper reservoir near high school), which at present is getting all its supply from the Srigley St. well and is the only water in the town mains at the present time," Dr. Wesley said. "This reservoir, like the lower one, has not been flushed out for an indefinite time and when the outlet valve was opened, a rush of very muddy water into the ditch on Prospect Ave. was not any surprise.

"The light and water of the town would be better under a paid commission that would carry full responsibility for attention and care to all details of the enormous amount of work that at present falls on an elected committee of the council who cannot afford to spend the time at the work that it demands.

"The great surprise to any impartial observer is the clear, beautiful tasting, water, as it comes from the filter at the plant on Srigley St. The provincial board of health analysis for June 10, 1937, shows that the unfiltered sample of water contains 0.25 parts per million of iron, while the filtered sample contained none.

"This would look as though the cause of all our trouble is in the town mains and reservoir, and before we can condemn the water from the Robert Srigley well, we must thoroughly clean the vegetable growth, which in itself contains a large quantity of vegetable iron, from our mains and reservoirs and keep them cleaned twice a year."

BUDD'S RINK WINS IN RICHMOND HILL

Four rinks from Newmarket visited Richmond Hill on Wednesday evening to take part in the bowling tournament. Only one team brought home the bacon, however. The winning team consisted of B. A. Budd, Jack Luck, Robert Large and Vaughan Goring. They won high for two games.

Canadian Family Without Quins Not Typical, U.S. Told

Vast Lions Convention Is Amazing Sight, Fred A. Lundy Tells

"Such a sight as I have never seen before and as I suppose I shall never see again," was Fred A. Lundy's description of the mammoth international Lions convention at Chicago last week.

Mr. Lundy attended as president and official delegate of the Newmarket club.

"There were 12,000 delegates, and there would be three guests for every delegate," Mr. Lundy said. "They used a great hall given to the city by Samuel Insull. You could hear every word the speakers said. There was no jumping up on the floor and asking questions. You had to put your inquiries into writing, and then they were dealt with by the proper committee.

"The most excitement was over the place for next year's convention. I voted for Seattle, but Oakland, Cal., won it.

"The business program was interspersed with bands and entertainment.

"The outstanding address of the convention was given by B. K. Sandwell, editor of Toronto Saturday Night. I have never heard such applause. He is the only speaker at a Lions convention who had to come back for a bow. One of Mr. Sandwell's remarks was that he did not come from a typical Canadian family because there were no quintuplets in his family. He said that Canada would remain a democracy for the next ten years, and after that would still be a democracy. He had a lot of serious things to say too."

H. E. Lambert, Newmarket, as district governor for Ontario and Quebec took an important part in the convention.

See Era printers for good value



REPRESENTED CLUB

Fred A. Lundy, president of the local Lions club, represented Newmarket at the international convention in Chicago last week.

KICKS PROVE FATAL TO WILLIAM GLASS

Kicks from a horse caused the death of William Glass, 65-year-old farmer of King on Friday after he had been rushed to Western hospital, Toronto.

When Mr. Glass failed to return to the house for supper, Howard Neill, a nephew found him crumpled on the floor in the barn. He was conscious though suffering from head and throat injuries and a fractured jaw.

The son of Mrs. D. Glass, 95, the oldest woman in King township, Mr. Glass leaves also a sister, Mrs. Albert Kelly, King City, and a son, David, of King.

Era printing is high-quality and low-cost.

Daughter Of Pioneering Family Returns From 25 Years In West

A descendant of one of the county's pioneer families, Mrs. Frank Jenkins of Calgary returned to Newmarket last week for the first time since she left for the west in 1912.

Mrs. Jenkins is a daughter of the late Cornelius Willis. Her mother, formerly Lavina Lloyd, was the daughter of John Lloyd, one of the first families to settle along Yonge St.

John Lloyd had as a neighbor, one of the lieutenants of William Lyon Mackenzie, Samuel Lount, who perished on a scaffold in Toronto. Mr. Lloyd took up his residence on Yonge St. before the pavement was laid, and he was one of those who supplied materials for the work.

Mrs. Jenkins has returned to Newmarket to attend to some estate matters and to visit relatives here.

FRONTIER LIFE OF NORTHERN MINERS TOLD

Ghost Town Of Cobalt, Now Thriving But Doomed Towns, Visited

MONEY EASY, LIFE HARD

By Don Kyle

(Don Kyle, Pickering College student, is hoboing by auto across Canada to see what he can see.)

Ontario's wealth is in the north. Despite the density of the industrial and agricultural population in the south where we are wont to think the dollars and cents are, Ontario's paying harvests, and much of Canada's too for that matter, are in the mining area of new Ontario.

After leaving one gold-mine, namely the "quints", at the "Gateway to the North", as North Bay boastfully calls itself, we pushed on into the mining area. The thriving Lake Nipissing tourist town makes no idle boast in this respect, for from that point on one feels that the vast north lies stretched out ahead. Many miles nearer the Pole, the northern traveller passes through the Tima-

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Faced Death At Sea When 16 Years, Lived To Be 75

Well Known Newmarket Farmer Dies, Born In Lincolnshire, England

The birth and now the death of John William Barker are written in a family (Sisson) Bible which once lay at the bottom of the Irish Sea. The Bible has been in the family since 1791.

Mr. Barker died at York County Hospital last Friday night. His farm was situated on the east side of Yonge St. at the top of the Holland Landing hill.

Mr. Barker was born in Lincolnshire, England, on March 20, 1862, the son of Edward Barker. He came to this country with his parents when he was 16 years old.

An explosion occurred on the ship in which they set out and the ship caught fire. One sister died as a result of being burnt and injured in the explosion. The passengers were taken off by another boat and their belongings were subsequently salvaged from the sea bottom.

Mr. Barker himself was injured and spent six weeks in a hospital at Londonderry.

The family settled north of Bradford and later moved to Aurora and thence to White Rose.

He was married at Newmarket on March 18, 1891, at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. Lewis Hill to Sarah Elma Brown, daughter of Emma and Mark Brown of Whitchurch township.

In his early years Mr. Barker worked for the Fleury Plow Company in Aurora, until he moved to the Yonge St. farm where he has resided for the last 36 years.

He was a member of the United church and, for a number of years belonged to the Sons of England of Aurora.

Mr. Barker was widely known and highly respected. There survive to mourn his loss his wife; one son, Stanley; two brothers, Fred, Barrie; Joseph, Aurora; one sister, Mrs. Watson Sweezie, Second St. One sister and one brother are deceased: Mrs. Mary Wilton, formerly of Yonge St., and James, formerly of Aurora.

A service was conducted on Monday afternoon by Rev. Burton Hill, Friends pastor, with interment at Pine Orchard cemetery.

The pallbearers were S. S. Madill, Roy Belfry, Walter Traviss, George West, Fred Bowser and Harry Hulse, Queensville.

INFANT UNIDENTIFIED

An infant, whose body wrapped in newspapers dated Nov. 26, 1936, was found near Pottageville on April 20, was born alive but died at the hands of a person or persons unknown, a coroner's jury under Dr. C. J. Devins found at Aurora on Tuesday evening.

JUNIORS MEET

The August meeting of the Junior Farmers and Junior Institute will be held at Sharon Hall on Monday at 8 p.m. instead of the usual night. Mr. and Mrs. David Smith of the Community Welfare Council, Toronto, will be in charge of the meeting.

Second Of Playdowns Goes To Locals, 3-1

Series Is Again Featured By Webster's Ace Hurling

GAME MAY MEAN TITLE

The Redmen will play Richmond Hill here at 7.15 this evening in the third of their three-out-of-five series for group leadership.

The two clubs have agreed that if the Reds win their re-play game with Aurora on Friday, this series will stand. Tonight's game is thereby guaranteed to be of championship calibre.

And tonight's game may well be the last of the series, for last night in Richmond Hill, the Redmen handed the Hill squad their second consecutive defeat by the score of 3-1.

As the score indicates, the game was a tight one and a thriller throughout. The play was fast and the game was played in just over one hour. Alex Webster's pitching equaled his Friday night performance, when the Reds won, 13-1.

Webster fanned four and walked three in last night's game. In the last 18 innings he has allowed only seven hits and has struck out 12 batsmen.

The Reds took four singles off Stong's pitching in the second inning, accounting for two runs. Gibney started the inning by beating out a bunt and moved to third when Cunningham singled.

Peters fouled out to first base and Gibney scored after the catch. Brammer then singled, scoring Cunningham. Burkholder flied out to left field and when Webster singled to left, Brammer

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LOCALS WILL ENTER TEAM IN LACROSSE

The Talagoos, Newmarket's lacrosse hopes, have been practising faithfully in the Aurora arena, and will take part in the junior series with teams from Sutton, Brampton and Brooklin. While the date of their first game is not yet known, it is expected that their first game will be called for Monday.

PLAY BALL WITH PONIES TONIGHT

The R. S. A. Bugle Band will journey to Aurora tonight to take part in one of the weirdest displays ever staged on a baseball diamond.

They will meet the Aurora firemen in a game of Roman baseball: a baseball game in which fielders and those running around the bases will get about in chariots drawn by Shetland ponies.

The sight of batters making their runs in chariots and fielders frantically trying to steer their chariots in the general direction of the ball, is one that is sure to bring a large crowd to the Auroro park tonight.

To add to the merriment, a chariot race will be run following the game.

STORM FELLS TREE

A huge maple tree toppled on the lawn of Herbert Whyle, Church St. and Park Ave., during the Sunday night storm.

MARK 61st WEDDING

Six children, 21 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren will offer congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James Race, Aurora, as they mark their 61st wedding anniversary today. Mr. Race is 82 years old.

Reds Swamp Richmond Hill 13-1 In First Of Playoffs

Alex Webster Gives Only Three Hits To Visitors

Playing almost perfect softball, the Redmen went into the first of their three-out-of-five series with Richmond Hill here on Friday night, and pounded out a 13-1 victory.

Much of the credit for the low scoring o Richmond Hill can be given to Alex Webster, who allowed only three hits on his pitching. And it's pretty hard to win a ball game with only three hits. Eight of the boys from down south bit the dirt by the strikeout route and only two men got a base on balls. In fact only 32 men faced Alex in the nine innings and that is only five away from a perfect game.

For the Redmen, it was just one big parade around the bases. Harv. Gibney, whose batting had not been up to its usual high standard for the past two games, snapped out of it with a vengeance when he got a home run, a triple, a single and a walk out of five times at bat.

Bob Peters also drove out a homer, and his hit came when the bases were loaded. Peewee Hilton came through with three timely blows. In fact everybody was clouting nicely and Ted Bennett, the Richmond Hill hurler who has been poison to the Reds up until this game, lasted just five innings under the barrage of hits.

He was replaced by George Stong. Stong fanned five out of six batters in the next two innings but ran into a storm of hits in the eighth, which netted the Redmen five more runs.

The Reds bunched their hits more effectively than usual, making 15 hits good for 13 runs, and leaving only five men stranded on the sacks.

WILL CLOSE

Stores and offices will be closed in Newmarket on Monday, civic holiday.

Negroes Will Be Absorbed Rev. Frank Brunton States

Works Among "Poor White" Whose Breadwinners Are Jailed

A son of the late W. A. Brunton and a grandson of Newmarket's first postmaster, William Roe, who operated an Indian trading-post here, Rev. Frank Brunton, of Bradenton, Florida, conducted the service at St. Paul's Anglican church on Sunday evening.

Mr. Brunton and his wife have been spending a holiday here.

Mr. Brunton does more than preach Christianity and The Era persuaded him this week to tell something of his interesting work in Florida. Bradenton is a county town with a county jail and Mr. Brunton spends a good deal of the time he has free from his own pariah work in behalf of the jail inmates and their families.

"There are usually between a dozen and 50 white prisoners, and

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CAMP IN KING

A group of 89 Toronto Girl Guides are camping on the Humber in King township.

MAKE BICYCLE TOUR AGED 12

Kenneth McCarnan, son of Mr. and Mrs. George McCarnan, and Ray Harris of Toronto had an interesting trip last week. Ray visited Kenneth for a week and then both boys visited Bowmanville, Oshawa and Toronto. Kenneth returned home on Sunday. The trip was made on bicycles and the boys, both twelve years old, camped or visited friends. "We had a marvelous time," Kenneth said, but his mother was rather worried about the traffic.

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ANDREW OLDING HEBB,
Editor and Proprietor
142 Main St., Newmarket

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STANDARDS OF LIVING

The standards of living of today are likely to seem low indeed to generations that succeed us, and their standards of living will seem low to their successors. Science and advertising are forever pointing out or creating new needs, and science and industry are almost as quickly satisfying these needs. The radio, for instance, is today almost a household necessity. Twenty years ago man was getting along beautifully without it. For the average person, however, invention runs away beyond the pocket-book's ability to buy.

Never Catch Up

One has only to dip into newspapers, magazines and books to be conscious of many unfulfilled needs or seemingly desirable things. Few, if any, of our homes are really modern in the light of modern knowledge. By the time that all Canadian homes, city, town and country, are modernized according to the most advanced standards of today, science, industry and advertising will have set new standards of "modernization" again just beyond reach of the majority.

Modern Homes

What is a modern home like? Is it a city apartment with limited space, no lawn, no garden and no heating problem? We are told repeatedly that the modern home is insulated against heat in the summer and cold in the winter. It is "scientifically" lighted. No matter where we sit to read or to play a perfect light plays on our books, our cards or our toys. So we are told. The walls are sound-destroying, so constructed that noisy noises become unobjectionable. Our house is air-conditioned. Winter air is humidified, if we live inland. Summer air is cooled and changed. Our kitchen has electric refrigerator, stove, washing-machine, floor-cleaner. We have at least two bathrooms, including a shower-bath.

Keeping Up With Life

If we maintain the same standard in our living our tables no longer present the plain and simple fare of the pioneers. We have fruits and fresh vegetables even in the winter time, for our health's sake. All members of the family get cod liver oil, during a great part of the year at least. We have plenty of eggs and milk. The children of our family not only attend modern schools taught by highly-trained and highly-paid teachers, and have their school guarded by school nurses, but they have music and singing lessons, enjoy "supervised play," and are pampered generally by modernism.

Progress and Happiness

There is no end to the raising of the standard of living. Life is a demand for something more. Humanity is crying for the moon. When we are given the moon, we will want Mars, Venus and Saturn. Nevertheless, we are making what is called "progress," learning to live more happily. More and faster motor-cars may not contribute to happiness, but the radio, with all its educational and cultural possibilities, certainly should.

COMMUNITY

There is a growing tendency to make use of the word "community". It is a favorite of ours, and perhaps that is because Newmarket and district seem to be so much a community. This Newmarket district has a history of pioneer struggle and accomplishment. Among its citizens are many "old families" who have lived here so long that they have almost become, as the lawyers say, "part of the realty". Citizens of this town work together so wholeheartedly for the community projects of Lions club, Fire Brigade, bands, and other town organizations that the word "community" seems appropriate.

And Its Origin

So we are particularly interested to read an explanation of the derivation of the word. It may be a little alarming to our present-day horror of war to find that the lovely word "community" is derived from the Latin word "communio," meaning "fortify". There was also a peaceful meaning, "strengthen". Back of the Latin word was a Sanskrit word, "mav", meaning "bind". This became "mu", and combined with the Latin word, "cum"', "com-mu" meant to "bind together" or to "fortify". When we think of our community, we may be thinking of town or district or province or dominion or civilization, but we should think of ourselves and our neighbors as bound together for mutual strength. Christ was the greatest preacher of "community". Strangely enough, Karl Marx seized on the word "communism", also a derivative of "communio", to describe his gospel of equality through force. The words illustrate the common aim of Christ and Marx, but take no account of diametrically opposed methods. Perhaps we may think of "community" as derived from the peaceful meanings of the Latin word, "communio", and "communism" as derived from the military meanings of that same word.

DISTRIBUTING WEALTH

"Christianizing the Capitalistic System" sounds like an old familiar title, but it appears in the third issue of a brand-new magazine, "World Christianity," a digest, published in Chicago. The article is a digest of an address by Frank E. Gannett, of Rochester, N.Y., publisher of a chain of daily newspapers. Let's skip through this article. We pass over the first page or two and come to the statement: "Taxing wealth or the production of wealth does not distribute wealth in a way to increase purchasing power."

Practical Christianity

What alternative method of distributing purchasing power does Mr. Gannett offer? "Our trouble with the present system which causes many to condemn it, is that too large a share of the wealth produced goes to capital and not enough to the worker and consumer. . . . If the management of our corporations had been as eager to increase the earnings of labor as it has been to increase the earnings on the common stock, today we would not have this feeling against capital on the part of labor." Mr. Gannett's belief is, and he is applying his belief in his own business, that capital should receive "a fixed and fair return", commensurate with the risk involved, and that all surplus profits should be distributed to the workers, the consumers (in the form of lower prices) and (a limited bonus) to the management.

As Of Right

At the close of last year's business, the Gannett Company decided on a dividend for workers, and with it sent a note saying that it was not a bonus, a gift or a Christmas present, but "was the workers' share in the profits of the company as nearly as we had been able to compute them." Labor is to have a representative on this company's board of directors. Mr. Gannett recommends that business should publish statements not merely of the earnings or return to capital but also the return that labor gets for its services.

Publishing Wages

"In other words, a corporation would give full information on the number of men employed, the average number of hours worked in each week, the total employment for the year, the wages per hour, and the total yearly income. This information would be of great public interest. Certainly it is just as desirable that facts about return to labor be known as about the return to capital. If a report of this kind, for any industry, showed a low earning power for workers, then public opinion would bring about a change and a better return to labor."

DEATH OF AN EDITOR

Town weeklies frequently rail against their rather overwhelming city competitors, the dailies, condemning them with the word "city". We weeklies sometimes forget that dailies are manned by country as well as city people. At any rate, the rural readers of dailies, and particularly the readers of the Toronto Daily Star, have lost a sympathetic and understanding friend with the death of Joseph T. Clark, editor-in-chief of that much criticized but nevertheless remarkable newspaper. "Joe" Clark, a country lad, who began his career at 13 years of age as a printer's devil on a country weekly, was the man who wrote those amusing editorials in The Star on whether you pulled or pushed a bucksaw, on Ontario's wild life and on the incidents of rural life. He wrote more serious editorials too, of course, and when the interests of farm and village were involved, it is said, he always bore in mind the viewpoint of the folks on the concessions.

Criticized And Loved

Newspapers are public institutions and the purpose of this article is to comment on the "tone" of the editorial page for which he was responsible. As editor-in-chief Mr. Clark did not, strange as it may seem, edit or direct the editing of the news columns. He was the chief editorial writer, helping to formulate the policy of his newspaper, as expressed on the editorial page. His winning treatment of the habits of woodchucks or wolves undoubtedly won readers for articles advocating unpopular and advanced ideas. So far as we know, his newspaper's editorial page was and is the most radical (that is, ahead of its times) of any of the large Canadian dailies' editorial pages. In other words, it has been a leader and moulder of thought, an advocate of wiser laws, a contender for economic and social justice. The Star's editorial page often "reads" like a page out of the New Testament. The Star has opposed sectionalism and nationalism, "Buy-in-Toronto" ideas on the ground that Toronto sells all over Canada, hasty police use of firearms, or government use of military or police force in settling social and economic disturbances. The Star has always been ready with new social reforms to suggest as such radical suggestions as old-age pensions and mothers' allowances have been accepted. The Star is most bitterly criticized for its opinions, for its multitudinous interviews supporting editorial page opinions, and for what is called "sensationalism", but the same newspaper is also most enthusiastically loved for its sympathetic, tolerant, daring and Christian editorial page. The Star's immense influence is used in the interests of the masses of the people.

Mr. Clark's Part

The Star gives Mr. Clark credit for a large share in building this finest side of a great public institution: "To him should be given much of the credit for the public good-will shown to The Star while engaged in the advocacy of views not yet shared by the community as a whole as well as for winning multitudes to the editorial point of view." In the past the Star has been not merely a liberal newspaper but also a Liberal newspaper. Many admirers of the Star will hope that its independence of the last few months in provincial politics may be the harbinger of an entirely independent newspaper, more interesting to read, greater in influence, stronger to advance the cause of liberalism. That would not mean silence on matters of politics, but the same vigorous opinions that have characterized the discussion of woodchucks and bucksaws.

A provincial election is likely to take place this fall, it is announced. No one will be able to say that the Hepburn government has done nothing. Perhaps the complaint will be that Mr. Hepburn has done too much.

What will the issues be? The Hepburn government has a good deal to be proud of, including the reduction of rural Hydro rates and the gift of one mill to each municipality. The same government has much to answer for, including the administration of the Liquor Control Act.

The Fergus News-Record tells of a young man returning home, by automobile and in white flannels, after a late Sunday evening visit to his girl. One of his tires blew out. The inhabitants of Fergus were in bed and so he pulled off his ice-cream trousers, folded them neatly, and changed his tire. He had to explain the situation to a couple of men who came along, but otherwise it was a hitch-less event.

MIGHTY MEN

Although Prime Minister King has stated that he sees no reason for a fall session of parliament, preparations for the session, when it is called, are already under way. Tariff changes and several other pieces of legislation are being considered.

"Hundreds of men can be brought in to ensure tobacco being harvested," Premier Hepburn stated early this week, commenting on the efforts of agitators to create a labor shortage in the harvesting period.

On the second time round his field near Ridgetown, the binder knives of Farmer Fred Brien connected with a skunk. The job was temporarily halted, as even the horses objected, but finally the job was completed. Mr. Brown is looking forward to an odorless harvesting in 1938.

A 13-year-old boy was arrested in Toronto, charged with stealing an auto from a used car lot during the weekend.

Bathers in the river near Port Credit are giving the constabulary a headache. Disobeying the village council ruling that they wear tops on their bathing suits, the bathers take to the water and swim to the other side of the river when the constables appear.

Delegates from all parts of the Dominion gathered in Winnipeg this week to attend the fifth annual convention of the C.C.F. Among the resolutions presented was one to provide food and shelter for those affected by the western drought situation.

Japan and China rushed toward war today after a squadron of Jap bombing planes had virtually destroyed a Chinese military barracks. The Japanese government is doing its best to effect a peaceful solution on the spot—so Japan's foreign minister says. Japs and Italians appear to agree on their definition of the word, "peaceful".

Almost to a man the British labor party decided on Monday to adhere to its plan of not voting against estimates for fighting services when the government passed estimates totalling $448,888,950 for navy, army and air-force.

Cruelty, desertion for three years and insanity, all of which will be grounds for divorce in England when the divorce bill is given royal assent, should be given similar recognition in Canada, Senator Lendrum McMeans, member of the Senate's divorce committee, stated in Winnipeg on Tuesday.

Canada's cattle business is ready for a boom under the impetus of a government assisted plan for shipping thin live stock from the dry prairies to Ontario's rich feeding land and then to market. The government is paying half-cost of shipment and half-fare of eastern buyers who select their own cattle for feeding.

Cooperating with the HOME IMPROVEMENT PLAN

(This column is sponsored by the Newmarket Home Improvement Plan committee. Mayor Dr. S. J. Boyd, honorary chairman. T. F. Doyle, chairman. M. H. Goslett, secretary.)

A living room which combines beauty and comfort is the aim of nearly every housewife. Simplicity is the keynote. Thousands of housewives throughout the country have found that they may acquire backgrounds for such rooms through the aid of the home improvement plan.

This plan provides for additions, repairs to or improvement of homes and for the purchase and installation of certain types of equipment.

One housewife completely transformed her living room by a few simple changes. First of all, a door which was seldom used was made into a bookcase to balance a window on the other side of the wall. Windows and bookcases were finished with wide white moulding. The woodwork in the room was white.

The ceiling was rather low, so the walls were finished in a solid color, with the moulding touching the ceiling. The ceiling was finished in the same color as the walls, but in a considerably lighter shade. A border, very much like the kind which used to hang in all papered rooms, was placed about six inches from the baseboard, relieving the plainness of the walls.

A modern fireplace was acquired simply by removing the mantel which had adorned it formerly and acted as a catch-all for the family knick-knacks. White venetian blinds were hung at the windows.

With this background, the housewife made a few changes in the room's furnishings from her own funds and the result was an extremely livable apartment. A deep green carpet was purchased to accent the pale green walls.

The Common Round

By Isabel Inglis Colville

STOREHOUSES

Summer is the time in which we fill our storehouses.

Not, I hope, like the man in the Bible story, who built more barns, and filling them all, sat down to eat and drink, and take pleasure, with no thought of what he might do with all this munificent gift from the good God.

But just as the men are storing away their hay and grain, wheat to make bread for us all, and the other grains to care for the stock dependent on them through the long winter, so we women look into our cellars and storerooms and count our jars, and plan our campaign against the dearth of winter.

Already the crimson cheeks of the strawberries blush in close proximity to the pale pineapple; and now peas and beans, call to us in no uncertain voice that the time has come when they must be picked and canned, if we wish to preserve them; for, say they, "in no time at all, we will get tough and stringy and tasteless, and your opportunity to have vegetables of your own canning, will become a thing of the past."

Thinking of all this, it particularly interested me, at an Institute meeting this week, to hear a paper on the canning of vegetables.

As rows of beans with long yellow faces stared at me every time I ventured into the garden, I knew that that evening I should be gently detaching them from their leafy homes, and the next morning should be incarcerating them in jars, by some method or other.

The one I listened to at the Institute, sounded as if even my brain, with its uncanny knack of forgetting some essential thing, might cope with it.

So, the next morning—to wit—this morning, I set about the task, having first drilled my mother in the rule, as her rememberer—if I may be permitted to coin a word to suit my need—is as good as my forgetter.

If there should be some reader of this column who is standing with her beans at the crossroads where old and new methods meet, she might try this way.

Take any quantity of beans you wish. Bring water to the level of the beans. Bring to a boil and boil five minutes. Remove beans from water and pack in jars.

To each pint of liquid in which the beans were boiled allow one good teaspoon of salt.

Bring to a boil, then pour over the beans in the jars. Seal and store away.

And so, as the summer wanes, our storerooms will fill—all this to satisfy our material needs.

But there is another storehouse which I think is just as necessary to fill, in the summer, as our cellars and pantries—the storehouse of memory.

Summer yields just as rich stores for mind as for body. On a day in January, when you look out on a monotonous expanse of snow, you can open your storehouse, and there is a moving picture of that little brook winding away into the shadows cast by the tall elms that line its banks; cows stand knee deep in the water, contented and peaceful.

The reel of memory winds on, and there is a little pool, round as an apple, it reflects the rose and gold of a summer sunset—loons float on its painted surface and through the sunset hush, their mocking laughter cuts into the harmony of two perfectly blended voices singing "Bird Songs at Eventide".

Of course there's a comic strip too, in memory's cinema we see ourselves puffing and panting, vowing by all our gods, that never, will we say we are cold, be the winter what it may.

We see ourselves with hair out of curl—unless we happen to be permanent or natural—standing over the fire, trying to can, pickle and preserve, simultaneously, and wishing we had a canned, pickled or preserved temper, that in the midst of heat and worry, we might preserve the serenity so much extolled by novelists.

But, apart from minor disasters, which only disturb and should not dismay, who would part with summer?

Its riches are spread abroad for our taking, and it's our own fault if we enter into the winter season minus plenty for body and mind.



Johnny Is Introduced To Indigo Blue

BY RUTH DINGMAN HEBB

"Is that Goldie, the Goldfinch, that I hear singing?" Johnny Chickadee asked Mrs. Pecker, the Downy Woodpecker. "I saw him go dipping along a few minutes ago, singing as he flew."

"Why no," was the reply. "It sounds a little like him, but it's someone else. This bird's suit is practically all blue."

"Oh yes, and there he is over in that bit of brush—I see his blue coat flashing," exclaimed Johnny. "It's Boy Blue, the Bluebird."

"Nonsense," corrected Mrs. Pecker. "That bird hasn't a red breast like a Bluebird. He's all indigo blue, except for darker wings. Come and I'll introduce you to the only all blue bird in this country, Mr. Indigo Bunting."

The blue gentleman was singing a very pretty carolling song as they approached, but he stopped to speak politely to Mrs. Pecker.

"Here's a young Chickadee who didn't know you," she announced. "He heard you sing and thought you were a Goldfinch, then he saw you and thought you were a Bluebird."

"Ha, ha," chuckled the beautiful blue Bunting, "and who would he think my wife was, I wonder?"

Mrs. Bunting alighted beside her husband and Johnny was amazed to see that she was dressed in a simple buffy rust color with only faint suggestions of her husband's lovely blue.

"So many of the most handsome men have the plainest wives haven't they, Aunt Pecker?" whispered Johnny to his Woodpecker friend, thinking of plain Mrs. Scarlet Tanager and plain Mrs. Cardinal.

Ignoring the youngster's rude whisper, Mrs. Pecker went on talking to the Buntings.

"And where are the little Baby Buntings?" she inquired politely.

"Oh, right nearby," said their mother. "Why there's one of the boys right over there. They're just learning to fly these days, and aren't very independent yet."

Johnny looked curiously at the young Bunting boy, expecting to see a blue-colored bird, but the little bird he saw tottering along was reddish buff like his mother. Johnny turned toward the older Bunting again to find Mrs. Bunting explaining about her nest.

"We built it about three feet from the ground in the crotch of a bush," she was saying. "I do like a nest of grasses, dead leaves, and bits of bark, nicely lined with softer grasses and perhaps some long hair, don't you, Mrs. Woodpecker? Oh no, of course you don't. I can't think how you endure those weird holes in trees. We Sparrows don't like them."

"You said they were Buntings, not Sparrows," objected Johnny to Mrs. Pecker.

"Of course, sonny, but we Buntings belong to the Sparrow family," Mrs. Bunting explained kindly.

"Well, Johnny, I guess we'd better be flying along," said Mrs. Pecker. "I've promised to take Johnny with me over to the pasture across there," she told the others. "He wanted to go over there to see a friend and as I was going, his mother asked me if I'd keep an eye on him. Ever since the run-in Johnny had with Kitty Catbird a few weeks ago his mother has been rather anxious about his doings. Cora and Kitty don't speak to each other yet, because of that. Isn't life a struggle?"

"Well, it's certainly a struggle up in the pasture," agreed Mrs. Bunting. "They are a quarrelsome lot up there, especially the Kingbirds and the Red-headed Woodpeckers. Oh, pardon me, I quite forgot that they are relatives of yours, Mrs. Pecker."

"It's perfectly all right," said Mrs. Pecker hastily. "I've always said that their good looks have spoilt them. I was horrified to see one of them chasing Mrs. Rob Robin very rudely the other day. They always say that red-headed people have hot tempers. I wouldn't wonder if there was something in it. Come along, Johnny."

25 Years Ago

From Era File, August 2, 1912

Mrs. John Shanks entertained visitors last week.

Miss Eileen Hewitt spent the weekend with relatives at Jackson's Point.

Rev. C. A. Belfry of Huttonville spent Tuesday with his brother, Mr. Will Belfry.

Miss Sadie Andrews of Union St. is spending a couple of weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Hencock.

Mrs. George Thomas of Aurora paid a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hulse last Saturday.

Mr. J. Frank Webb and family of Detroit are visiting his father, Mr. C. C. Webb, for a few days.

Mrs. R.H. Weddel and daughter, expect to spend next week with Mrs. Weddel's sister, Mrs. Manning, at Hamilton.

Mr. Russell Collins is spending a couple of weeks with his aunt at Fort William.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet L. Berkley of Toronto were guests of Mrs. and Miss Clark, Park Avenue, on Sunday.

Mr. B. Hewitt expects to accompany Mr. J.R.Y. Broughton on a cruise to Peterboro by way of the canal next week.

Miss Esther Stark has returned to her home, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Jessie Card, and friend, Miss Marjorie Turner.

The thanks of the editor are due to Mr. C. K. Morrison for a large bouquet of lovely sweet peas.

Mrs. B. F. Irwin entertained a few friends from Aurora and Newmarket on Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. Irwin's birthday.

Miss Charlotte Simpson, Miss Edith Brown and Misses Florence and Olive Hedge left yesterday for Mary Lake, Muskoka, for their summer outing.

Miss Edith Brown of Detroit was visiting Miss Charlotte Simpson last week, before leaving for her summer vacation among the Muskoka Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gould and children, and Miss Lucy McDiarmid of Pawtucket, R. I., spent last Thursday at "Bide-a-Wee" cottage, with Mr. and Mrs. Wes. Osborne.

Mrs. Charles Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Allen of Dunn Ave., Toronto, and Mrs. Bates of Dovercourt Road, visited Mrs. J. R. McManus on Prospect Ave. last week.

Mr. Monkman got back last Friday from the northwest. He was so impressed with the prospects that he bought a half-section in Saskatchewan and intends to ranch cattle next summer.

Mr. E. Zurbrigg is leaving for Palmerston and other places at noon on Saturday for a few holidays.

Dr. and Mr. G. A. Anderson of Calgary, Alta., who have been the guests of Mrs. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Millard, intend leaving for their western home on Saturday morning of this week, accompanied by Miss Hannella Millard.

Mr. Edgar Willis is spending saveral weeks with his chum, Mr. Jack Cane, who is laid up at the family cottage at Orchard Beach with a broken leg.

Last Saturday the editor of the Aurora Banner called, accompanied by Mr. Hunt of California, who left King township for the sunny south 50 years ago. He looked as if the weather agreed with him.

The many friends of Dr. Firth, principal of Pickering College, will be pleased to learn that he is progressing splendidly. On Sunday he rode up to Orchard Beach in his car for an airing, and on Tuesday left for his summer cottage at Go Home Bay on the Georgian Bay.

Mr. J.C. Steckley and his young bride have returned from their honeymoon. Mr. Steckley was in Regina during the awful catastrophe which occurred there and has secured some good snapshots of the devastation. Mr. Fergus has developed them for him and the collection will serve as an interesting souvenir of their wedding trip.

Death — At Pine Orchard, Saturday, July 27th, 1912, James Rolling, aged 78 years.

50 Years Ago

From Era File, July 29, 1887

Mr. C. M. Hughes is spending a week at Big Bay Point.

Miss Porter is spending the holidays with Miss Hollingshead.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robertson are spending a week at Oakville.

Miss Boultby of Toronto is spending several weeks at the home of Mrs. Dudley.

Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. David Lloyd are spending the week at Gravenhurst.

Mr. Stanley Scott is visiting friends in Whitby.

Mrs. G. R. Hogaboom and children left yesterday for a holiday by the seashore.

Mrs. Mary Watson is visiting friends in the southern part of the country.

Mr. J. P. Hunter and family spent Sunday at Barrie, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Harry Hamilton.

Mr. T. J. Robertson and family left on Wednesday for Roche's Point.

Mrs. J. Savage spent a week in Markham earlier this month.

Miss Strickland is suffering from an ingrowing toe-nail and the affected member may have to be amputated.

Rev. Mr. Webber preached at the re-opening of a church at Newtonbrook last Sunday and Rev. Mr. Davey of that circuit occupied the pulpit here.

E. B. Crompton sailed for England on Tuesday to purchase goods for his stores in Barrie and Newmarket.

Mr. R. O. Stokes spent Sunday at Big Bay Point.

Mr. Alf. Wood returned from California on Thursday for a ten days' visit.

The annual press excursion takes in the Lakes of Muskoka next week and the editor expects to accompany the party. The Era will not cease publication for a week, however, like the one-horse offices in Bradford and Aurora, because the editor takes a holiday jaunt.

Dr. Clarke of Toronto will be in town next week.

Marriage—On Wednesday, July 20, 1887, at the residence of the bride's father, Shelburne, by Rev. George Abbs, father of the bride, Mr. F. W. Barry, of Orangeville, to Miss E. Abbs.

Death—At Sharon, July 22, 1887, the wife of Mr. George Parsons, in her 39th year.

Notes to You

We Note With Amaze

Our attention has been drawn to a report of the northern Ontario tennis tournament recently played in Huntsville. A chap named Bruce Hall, from Toronto—30 miles south of Newmarket—won the singles, and helped to win the mixed doubles, but lost out in the men's doubles.

Describing the last-named phase of the tourney, the report states, "The final was cut to two out of three sets in order to accommodate Hall, who does not play tennis on Sunday." Reading between the lines, it appears that Hall lost a possible triple crown because he wished to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest.

Note So Good

Some would name Hall a fool. "Rest," they would tell you, meant relaxation . . . one might term games a form of relaxation. One might worship God, they would point out, as well in the brightness of a sun-lit court as in the dimness of a church pew.

Note So Bad

Others would commend Hall for his adherence to the spirit as well as to the letter of an ancient law. . . . That he remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Note In Vain

For ourselves, we pass no judgment—but from our somewhat befuddled mind we drag the observation that, in a day when to some of us virtues are as unused as buggy-whips, such adherence to a principle comes with all the refreshment of a summer rain.

For no particular reason our memory grasps a fragment of a Kipling rhyme which tells of an angel who came down to earth and was tempted by the devil. And this, says Kipling, was the refrain of the devil's song: "The ancient, out-worn, puritanic traditions of right and wrong."

A Note Of Joy

Bruce Hall, it would seem, has preached a sermon from a tennis court. We are glad the hall was not without its audience.

Theatrical Note

On Monday evening we revealed the human side of our character by seeking entertainment. We sought it at the Palace theatre—and that's where we found it. One of the features that interested us most was a reel of the "Crime Doesn't Pay" series.

The feature made us think. Imagine criminals working like the very old mischief to get ahead in the world . . . only to find that crime doesn't pay! The pity of it!

Even to our type-blurred eyes, it would appear that criminals take enormous risks to earn their living. Those who don't take risks—the political criminals—make up for it with the worry and responsibility of having to take care of those who do.

Crime, we feel, must be made to pay! If some means of suitably rewarding criminals is not found—and found soon—our whole social structure will topple. Our judiciary, our constabulary, our noble legal profession, our theft insurance companies, with their legions of salesmen, will be thrown out of employment unless crime can be made to show a profit.

Let us band together in protesting against a state of affairs that is already beginning to force some of our best criminals to walk the streets in rags. How can you help? It's easy—simply tear out this column, attach it to the nearest prison wall and mail (with return postage) to your member in the provincial house. And we don't mean Kingston.

Advertising Note

We are always quick to admire the sagacity of those who use the columns of this paper for purposes of advertisement. Printed in northern York county's premier advertising medium, they are seldom published in vain. All we've needed to prove this rule, is the invariable exception.

We're not sure, but we think the exception occurred last week a man advertised for room and board in a house in which there was no radio.

A Note Of Doubt

We are reminded of our philosopher pal, Diogenes, who sought an honest man. We recall the exploits of a gentleman who nursed a penchant for gleaning needles from haystacks. This the first we've heard, however, of a man possessing sufficient faith in eventual justice to seek a radioless boarding house. We wish him well, but

FLASH! . . . We have just been advised that the gentleman has received one reply at least to his advertisement. Is there no limit to the advertising power of The Era?

Lionel Conacher, star athlete and defence player for the Montreal Maroons, is being suggested as a Liberal candidate in East York, to run against Hon G. S. Henry.

Guaranteed Used Cars

These cars have been taken in on the

NEW 1937

Plymouths & Chryslers

We will finance these cars at very low interest rates

PARTICULAR PEOPLE WOULD BE PROUD TO OWN ONE OF THESE CARS

1935 PONTIAC DE LUXE SEDAN	$750
1935 CHEVROLET SEDAN, MASTER	$595
1934 CHEVROLET COACH, MASTER	$495
1933 CHEVROLET SEDAN, MASTER	$465
1932 CHEVROLET COACH, MASTER	$350
1929 CHEVROLET SEDANS	$150
FORDS	
1935 COACH, LOVELY SHAPE	$535
1934 RUMBLE SEAT COUPE, RADIO	$450
1934 BUSINESS COUPE	$425
1931 FORD ROADSTER	$185
1930 FORD COACH	$185
1929 FORD SEDAN	$165
1934 CHRYSLER DE LUXE SEDAN	$625
1932 DODGE SEDAN	$450
1931 PONTIAC SEDAN	$285
1931 DURANT SPECIAL SEDAN	$275
1931 GRAHAM RUMBLE SEAT COUPE	$275
1931 STUDEBAKER COUPE	$325
1931 AUBURN SEDAN	$295
1932 NASH COUPE, RUMBLE SEAT	$385

A LARGE LIST OF CARS FROM $50 TO $150.

COME IN AND SEE THEM. ALL MAKES.

Munshaw Motors

Chrysler, Plymouth, Fargo and Diamond T Trucks

9 MAIN ST. FOR DEMONSTRATION PHONE 604 NEWMARKET

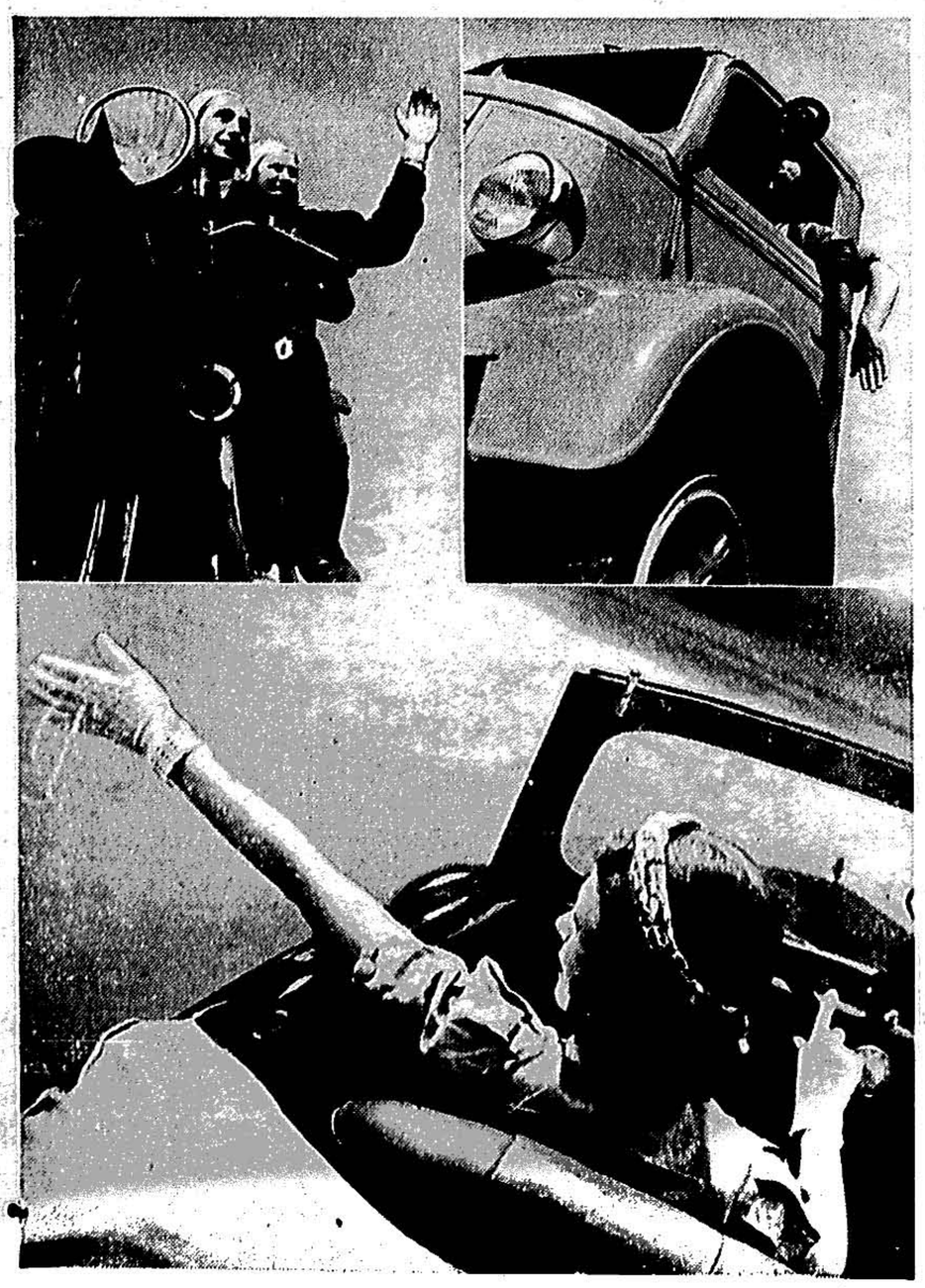
OR

D'Arcy Miller, Phone 97

Auto accidents accounted for 1,313 or 21 per cent of violent deaths in Canada in 1936, according to the Dominion bureau of statistics.

"You look all in today, Bill. What's the trouble?"

Bill—"Well, I didn't get home until after daylight, and I was just undressing when my wife woke and said, 'Aren't you getting up pretty early?' In order to save an argument, I put on my clothes and came down to the office."



Pictured above are the standard methods recommended by the Ontario department of highways for giving proper hand and arm signals. Hon. T. B. McQuesten, minister of highways, in the course of his "Try Courtesy" campaign to reduce street and highway traffic accidents, urges all Ontario motorists to demonstrate safe and sane driving methods by courteously "giving one another a hand." The pretty young miss in her snappy roadster is getting ready to make a left turn; the sturdy truck-driver, from his lofty perch, is warning the fellow behind that he is going to slow down or stop; and the dashing young couple on the motorcycle are making a right turn off the main highway to seek cool and quiet trails across the countryside.

HOPE

TREES CRASH UNDER STORM

The community here suffered losses on Saturday from a severe storm which crashed down trees and flattened the grain.

W. T. Tansley of Sharon, who has been long a resident here, is ill in York County hospital. A speedy recovery is hoped for.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burd, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burd, and Mrs. Bell of Toronto visited Mr. and Mrs. A. Dike on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Tansley of Sharon is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Auley Brenair.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gordon of Ravenshoe visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Micks on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tansley of Toronto were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Auley Brenair on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Smith of Toronto visited Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Pegg on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pottage were calling on friends in Kettleby on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Barker, Miss Grace Barker, and Miss Blanche Stickwood were calling on Mrs. Haines, who has been ill at Aurora, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Rolling of Mount Albert had tea with Mr. Edgar Pegg on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davis spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Pegg.

Miss Audrey Benton had tea with Mrs. Lorn Ganton on Thursday evening.

Miss Blanche Stickwood was visiting Miss Grace Barker on Sunday.

Congratulations are extended to A. Dike on the success of Sharon softball team at Mount Albert on Thursday evening.

Miss A. Hambly of Hamilton visited the Dike family on Friday evening.

Mr. Ianson of Holt, who has been sawing shingles here on Arthur Evans' farm, has moved his tractor home on account of the threshing season approaching. He has cut some 300,000 shingles for Arthur Evans, and done several other local jobs. Wm. Ianson had the misfortune to get a piece of steel in his hand one day last week, which makes him unable to continue his shingle sawing.

The Hauser family and Mr. A. Campbell of Toronto were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Stickwood on Sunday.

LOCAL MARKET

Eggs again went back to 26, 27 and 28 cents a dozen on the local market Saturday morning. Butter sold for 26 cents a pound. Young chicken went for 25 cents a pound and yearling hens brought 20 cents a pound.

Transparent harvest apples sold for 25 cents t basket. Red currants were 10 cents a box and 50 cents a basket. Cherries moved at 10 cents a box and 35, 45, and 60 cents a basket. Raspberries brought 15 to 18 cents a box. Gooseberries were three boxes for 25 cents.

Pickling cucumbers sold for 40 cents a basket. Medium size cucumbers sold three for five cents and large ones were five cents each.

Green peas brought 20 cents a basket. Beans were 20 and 25 cents a basket. New potatoes sold at 20 cents a basket. Large cabbages were eight cents a head, other cabbages were five cents, or three for ten cents.

Head lettuce sold at five cents or three for ten cents. Celery heads were two for 15 cents. Large onions brought ten cents a bunch. Radishes were five cents a bunch. Carrots, beets and green onions sold at five cents a bunch, or three bunches for ten cents.

Tomatoes were ten cents a pound and vinegar was ten cents a quart.

TORONTO MARKETS

Ungraded eggs brought 27 cents a dozen for grade A large on the Toronto market on Tuesday. Graded eggs were 28 to 29 cents. Ontario No. 1 creamery solids sold for 27 cents.

Spring chickens, 2 to 3 lbs., brought 18 cents a pound for select A dressed. Fatted hens, 4 to 5 lbs., brought 14 cents.

The calf market was firm at $8.50 to $9 for choice vealers, but the bulk sold from $6 to $8.50. Hogs were steady, closing at $10.50. Lambs sold higher at $10.25 to $10.50 and sheep had a steady sale at $1.50 to $4.

Ontario No. 1 potatoes were around 90 cents a bag on a carlot basis.

OFFER PRIZE FOR FIRST FAMILY ATTENDING

The annual reunion of the Cutting family will be held at Lakeside Park, Kingsville, on Monday, August 2, at 1 p.m. A prize will be given for the first family on the grounds. All members of the family are cordially invited to be present.

The Era office is open Saturdays from 2 to 5 p.m. and from 8 to 10 p.m. for the renewal of subscriptions, for the convenience of out-of-town subscribers. Subscriptions may also be renewed with Mrs. W. R. Steeper, Mount Albert, Murray Huntley, Queensville, Mrs. A. C. Marritt, Keswick, Miss Pearl Ward, Sutton, or with any authorized Era correspondent.

PINE ORCHARD

CITY MINISTER TO VISIT KIRK

During the absence of Rev. Dr. McIntyre for several Sundays, other speakers will be heard. On Sunday, August 1, Rev. K. H. McFayden of Toronto will speak at 2.30 p.m. at the Union church.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hope, Douglas and Betty spent the weekend at Veanlea Beach.

Mrs. M. Wilson spent last Monday with her daughter, Mrs. E. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Starr, Francis, Harriett and Huldah, spent Sunday at the Friends camp, "Neekawnis" on Georgian Bay.

Miss Beth Hawtin of Beaverton is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. E. Hawtin.

Miss Jean Hunt of Orillia visited her cousin, Mrs. Ivan Kay, for a few days last week.

The Harper family, accompanied by Mr. Soules and Miss Soules of Mount Dennis, spent Sunday at Musselman's Lake, Miss Irene Harper returned home with her aunt, Mrs. Booth of Mongolia, for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornwith, Mrs. Ronnie, Mr. and Mrs. Clearwater and son, Mrs. Caton, and Miss Ruth Turan of Newmarket visited Mr. George Hunt's home on Friday afternoon.

Master Wesley Morton of Queensville is visiting his cousin, Murray McClure, this week.

Mrs. Chas. Toole entertained the Misses Lettie and Lottie Toole, and Mrs. Bogart of Newmarket, at dinner on Sunday of last week.

Mr. Orley McClure, who lives near Cookstown, spent the weekend at his home.

The Willing Workers will meet on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. John McClure, who will be assisted by Mrs. Willis. The topic will be "Building character through self-denial" by Mrs. Geo. Wood. The roll call will be answered by a Bible verse beginning with the letter "P".

Hi-Pot-Lo Park

Huge promontories, deep ravines, shady glens where wild flowers grow in abundance, and red and white elderberry bushes look like huge flowers in a background of various shades of green. Rocky paths with caverns and tiny waterfalls on either side. High overhead the walls of the glen almost meet in a natural arch. Wild strawberries and raspberries in profusion, a carpet of pine needles. Trees and verdure of a variety to draw botanists from distant places. These are some of the things to be found in Hi-Pot-Lo Park, at Rockwood, Ontario.

A trip of some 70 miles takes one from Newmarket to the Eramosa River which is one of the five branches of the Grand River. Although the townships, roads, etc., bear Indian names, the park itself seems to have little or no trace of the Indians having been there. This particular part is a huge settling basin, formed during the glacier epoch—it has been estimated as 36,000 years ago. Its altitude is 1,198 feet and is well worth a visit, providing a pleasant and pictorial study of how lakes, rivers, mountains, valleys, islands are formed.

High land, low land, and "pot-holes" are here in abundance and it is from these that the name "Hi-Pot-Lo" has been made. When the glacier period saw huge ice fields crawling across this section of the country, granite boulders from the north were carried down into the strata formation. When the ice melted the water cut deeply into the softer rock, wearing out river beds and lakes. Huge whirlpools sent the hard granite boulders pounding against the rocks. Around and around they went, wearing holes in the shape of cauldrons—hence the name "pot-holes". In Rockwood Park are examples of these mysterious formations ranging from three feet in diameter and filled with soil to within a few feet of the top, to some 30 feet in diameter and filled to within ten feet with soil and water. The friction caused those granite rocks to take on a smooth polished finish, indicating the power of the mighty torrent which used them to grind away caverns in the strata-rock. One of these granites is on exhibition in the rest room of the park, and is so placed on a metal plate that it may be revolved by hand.

Now that motor-cars are making it possible to get around easily, we are able to learn more of our own country and widen our horizons as well as build in details. Rockwood is well worth a visit and a happy picnic is assured in Hi-Pot-Lo Park. Facilities are provided for picnic-fires, in or out of doors for the preparation of tea or coffee,weiners, etc. A party went there from Newmarket last Wednesday and greatly enjoyed the hospitality of Messrs. Harris and Harris, the owners of this unique estate.

E. F. Streeter,
Newmarket,
July 26, 1937.

KESWICK

Mr. E. Sanderson of Elon College, in North Carolina, who was to occupy the Christian church pulpit here at both services on Sunday, August 1, is unable to be present. Rev. Mr. Serrick will be in charge as usual.

Keswick

Mrs. Carson Pollock had the misfortune to cut her hand, necessitating three stitches.

Hearty congratulations are offered to the pupils who passed their entrance examinations.

Mrs. Frank Marritt spent a few days last week at Aurora with her mother, Mrs. Robinson.

Mrs. Bob Lang was the guest of her niece, Mrs. William Brown, last week.

Mr. Ross Pollock expects to start threshing on Wednesday. There is certainly a very heavy crop of wheat, which, if the rain keeps off for the next four weeks, will give the farmers a busy time.

Mrs. M. Morton is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Purdy.

Miss Alice Link is holidaying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Link.

Miss Mary Pedlar, who has been ill, is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pedlar.

Sir Henry Pellatt was the guest of Mrs. O. B. Sheppard for dinner on Thursday.

Raspberries and currants were a good crop here this year. One man sold 100 quarts from a small garden.

It is expected that Mr. E. Sanderson of Elon College, N.C., will occupy the Christian church pulpit on Sunday morning and evening, unless there is a change of plan.

The Christian church services under Rev. Serrick continue in interest and helpfulness to all, giving thoughts to carry away which are not easily forgotten.

The summer visitors who attend are very welcome and all express pleasure and enjoyment of the services.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Brown and four sons of Vancouver, B.C., who motored from the west, are guests of the Misses Marritt at Keswick Beach.

Mr. G. Gilroy of Oakville and Miss M. Hutcheson of Hamilton are guests of Mrs. and Miss E. A. Gilroy.

Cedar Valley

Stormy weather of last Saturday interrupted the picnic held by the Sunday-school of the Church of Christ at Pegg's Park. Plans have been made to have it this Saturday. Better weather is hoped for.

Pine Orchard baseball team defeated Baldwin team at Baldwin. The score was 14-4.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brandon, Sr., and Mr. Harry Brandon motored up to Owen Sound for a few days.

Mrs. Black of Toronto returned home on Friday after a visit with her sister, Mrs. A. Tichborne.

6th Con., N. G.

Mr. and Mrs. Seylor of Toronto, and Mr. Perry Prosser, from the west, have been visiting Mr. Angus Cameron.

Mr. Sowerby and daughter Olive were calling on friends in the district this week. They have been at their cottage at Keswick Beach for a short time.

Mr. Henry Sennett of Newmarket, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beeton and daughters Katharine and Marylin, of Winnipeg paid a friendly call on relatives in the neighborhood last week. Mrs. Ella Beeton is a daughter of the late John Sennett who lived for twenty years near Belhaven. Mrs. T. W. Huntley is the only one of the Sennett family of nine children at present living in North Gwillimbury.

Mrs. W. Barker had a short holiday last week with an old friend and former neighbor, Mrs. F. Boadway, who spent a week with a daughter at Willow Beach.

Miss Vera Fairbarn, who is still adding to her education in Toronto, is home each weekend. She returned to the city on Sunday, accompanied by Miss Christie Ardill. Both are now teachers and were former pupils at the Base Line school.

Showers in the vicinity have been scattered. Fall wheat is being put into shock, and housewives are busy with fruit canning and pickling.

Mrs. Russell Glover's accident was incorrectly reported last week. It was an arm, not a leg that was broken.

SHARON PEOPLE HONOR MR. AND MRS. STEVENS

A happy surprise party of about 40 people met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Welly Stevens in Sharon on Thursday evening and presented them with a beautiful floor lamp.

The address and presentation were made by Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Eves. The evening was spent in playing games. A delicious lunch was served.

Welcoming the couple to the village, the address declared: "We trust that your life here may be very happy. We are sure that your influence will make our community a better place in which to live, and we hope that as we meet together from day to day we may enrich your lives as you will ours. As a token of our good wishes and appreciation of your good sportsmanship in accepting the charivari in a good spirit, we ask you to accept this lamp. As it brightens your home, may it carry with it a message of good cheer and our hopes for your constant happiness."

In replying Mr. and Mrs. Stevens said that "thank you means so little at a time such as this. We are here in Sharon not only to live for ourselves but to be a help at any time to you."

Mrs. Stevens read a short poem.





RETIRES AT 85

Walter D. Rogers, well known throughout the district, recently resigned from the position of manager of the Harris Coal Company in Toronto and retired to private life. Mr. Rogers, now 85 and still very active, is an old Newmarket boy and has many relatives in the district.

His interest in Newmarket is keen and he has just renewed his subscription to The Era for the 54th time.

In the reorganization following Mr. Rogers' resignation, H. Walwyn, accountant, has been made acting secretary. Mr. Walwyn was a frequent visitor in Newmarket with Mr. Rogers.

STATE RACING HURTS TRADE

Editor, The Era:—My cousin, J. M. Walton, Aurora, has kindly sent me a copy of The Era (June 30). I am much interested in the article by Ethel Willson Trewhella and would like a few more copies. Enclosed please find money for two or three copies. Isaac Phillips, my great-great-grandfather, came to Canada in 1801. My father, Geo. H. Phillips, completed a family tree his father had started. It covered the Isaac Phillips branch for 100 years and there were over a thousand names on it.

I am sorry to know your mayor is advocating the erecting of a grandstand in order to make the town a great racing centre. The Santa Anita race-track is just four miles from Pasadena. During the racing season we entertain the sporting element of the country. They are certainly not the type we would encourage to come to our beautiful, cultural city. Hundreds of thousands of dollars exchange hands. The gambling instinct is being inculcated into our young, and as to bringing money to town, the hotels benefit, yes; but the Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association say business during these weeks is poor, and money is hard to collect, due, they think, to too many pay checks placed on the horses.

After an absence of 25 years, I notice many new names in the old paper, although I still enjoy reading it and am interested in what the town is doing.

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Elsie Phillips Dorland
July 21, 1937,
Pasadena Junior College,
Pasadena, Cal.

Perfectly Happy

She—But can you support me properly?

He—With my salary and your alimony, we'll be sitting on top of the world.

Are you Reading "Treasure Hunt"?

A generous installment of this fascinating serial appears in each issue of The Era.

BEGIN NOW - a synopsis of the six previous chapters is included in this week's installment.

JULY SPECIALS

WHITE AND GREY FLANNELS—SPORT SHIRTS

BELTS — TIES — BATHING SUITS

Now is the time to get your summer supply of these values

Made-to-measure clothing by Lailey Trimble or Cook clothing

C. F. WILLIS

Tailoring and Men's Wear

PHONE 160 MAIN STREET

PROCLAMATION

Pursuant to a resolution passed by the council of the town of Newmarket, I do hereby proclaim

Civic Holiday

on

Monday, August 2nd, 1937

for the town of Newmarket and do hereby request that all citizens will govern themselves accordingly.

S. J. Boyd,
Mayor

WANT-ADS

WANT ADS RATE

The rate for Want Ads is 25 cents for 25 words for one insertion; 40 cents for two insertions; 50 cents for three insertions. One cent for each additional word per insertion

E. A. BOYD
17 Main St.
REAL ESTATE — For Sale: Farms, Houses, Acreages, Lots. INSURANCE — Automobile, Fire and Casualty.

FOR SALE

For Sale—Two large paintings, 4 walnut chairs, 2 rocking chairs, motorcycle seat, flower pots, picture frames, bedleg extensions, bed pan, pair garage hinges, pair horse clippers, folding bed, breakfast suite, consisting of table, two chairs and cabinet, garden hose, and quarter-cut oak extension table. Apply 53 Gorham St. c1w26

For Sale — Purebred Jersey bull, accredited, show and quality records for cream test on both sire and dam. Also two double sets of show harness for heavy horses brass mounted and silver mounted for plowing matches or show ring. Apply Mrs. S. Gormley, Burndanette Farm, Unionville.

For Sale — 1930 Oldsmobile Sedan in A1 condition. Sacrifice for quick sale. Phone 290 Newmarket. c1w26

For Sale—1928 Chevrolet Truck in fair condition. Apply Goodman's Auto Wreckers, Newmarket. c1w26

For sale—100 Leghorn hens, Laying 60% at present time. Apply A. J. Watt, Cedar Valley, phone Mount Albert 2908. *2w26

For Sale—Thoroughbred English setter, 14 months old. Broken to the gun. For further particulars, apply to Bob Watson, Vine Cottage, Holland Landing, phone 51-r-11, Newmarket. c1w26

For Sale—Large or small farms in different localities. Apply to Welly Stevens, Sharon. *3w26

For Sale—Lapham raspberries and Montmorency cherries. Order now. We deliver. Ross Trivett, Huron St. C2w25.

For Sale—Madonna Lily bulbs. Cheap. L. P. Cane. *2w25

STOVE OIL
Best Canadian stove oil at wholesale prices. Tank truck delivery to your door each Thursday. Phone orders to 533.
A. D. FORTIER

FOR RENT

For Rent—Two-room bathroom flat at 53 Gorham St. Furnished or unfurnished. Apply 53 Gorham St. c1w26

For Rent—One hundred acres, three miles from Queensville, on lot 29, concession 4, East Gwillimbury. Possession at once if required. Mrs. Martin Rose, Queensville. tf25

For rent — Three nice rooms, with hall. Private, with conveniences. Reasonable. Apply 16 Prospect. *1w24

WANTED TO BUY

Wanted Immediately—Heintzman and Co. piano. Good condition. Apply to A. Stouffer, Newmarket. Phone 270. *1w26

WORK WANTED

Work Wanted— Steady, of any kind. Experienced in truck driving, farming, gardening, and mechanical work. Apply Wm. George Rich, Oakridges P. O. *1w26

Painting, paper-hanging and decorating done. Prices reasonable. L. B. Paige, Newmarket P.O. *2w26

Accountant—North York, 25 years' experience, capable of taking off balance sheet, dealing with income tax assessment. Financial statements prepared. Open for further business.
Enquiries to
Era box 45.
*2w26

Work Wanted — On farm, by registered nurse and son, 18, together or separately. Apply Mrs. Myrtle Smith, Jackson's Point. c1w26

MISCELLANEOUS

Come to Orchard Beach—Tea room. Expert tea cup reading by Alice MacKay, late of Toronto. Drop in for a real cup of tea. *8w23

Hairdressing — Miss G. Hammett will do hairdressing, permanent and finger-waving at the home of Mrs. J. W. Rynard, Zephyr, on Thursday of each week. For appointment, call Mount Albert 2804 or 4417. tf22

ATTENTION
Chesterfield suites, and all kinds of uhpholstered furniture, re-built and recovered equal to new, with your choice of coverings in every shade and quality.
New Chesterfield suites built to your own specifications at no extra cost. Write us for prices on furniture, drapes, curtains, comforters, etc. We positively guarantee you city prices and expert workmanship. Estimates free.
DYER'S UPHOLSTERING SHOPPE, 24 Hayter St., Toronto, Ont.

LOST

Lost—Mare, dark brown, with halter and broken rope attached, on Wednesday, July 21. Finder notify Newmarket police. c1w26

Lost — A new binder canvas, between Mount Albert and Ringwood on the 8th concession. Finder please leave at Steeper's Store, Mount Albert. Stanley Mortson. c1w26

BOARDERS WANTED

BOARD FOR CHILDREN
Infants well cared for by capable, experienced, child's nurse. Special care given to undernourished children (confidential if desired). Terms reasonable. Box 32 Aurora, telephone 289.

Sale Register

Wednesday, August 4—Auction sale of T.B. tested cows, heifers and springers, the property of W. B. Railton, will be held on Wednesday at 2 p.m. standard time at the farm of Harry Knights, one mile north of Queensville. Terms cash. F. Kavanagh, auctioneer. c1w26

Notice To Creditors

In the estate of George H. Thompson, late of the Village of Queensville, in the County of York, gentleman, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of George H. Thompson, gentleman, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-eighth day of June, 1937, are notified to send to the undersigned executors, Cyril H. Devey or James B. Cunningham, Queensville, Ontario, on or before the first day of September, 1937, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them duly verified by statutory declaration.

Immediately after the said first day of September, 1937, the assets of the said deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which it shall then have notice.

Dated the 26th day of July, 1937.

Cyril H. Devey,
James B. Cunningham,
Executors,
Queensville, Ont.
4cw26

BIRTHS

Allan—At York County hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Allan, Gormley, on Wednesday, a son.

Andrews—To Mr. and Mrs. Morley Andrews, East Gwillimbury, on Tuesday, a son.

Bain—At York County hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle Bain, Zephyr, on Wednesday, a daughter.

Glenn—At York County hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Glenn, Newmarket, on Friday, a daughter.

Laviolette—On July 22, to Mr. and Mrs. John Laviolette (nee Florence Keating), Sutton West, a son.

Lockhart—At York County hospital to Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Lockhart, on Wednesday, a daughter.

Sutton—At York County hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sutton, Aurora, on July 22, a son.

Wilson—At York County hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wilson, Aurora, on Wednesday, a son.

DEATHS

Avison—Suddenly, at his late residence, Victoria Square, Friday, Murray Avison, husband of Millicent Klinck, in his 30th year. Funeral was at above address, Sunday. Interment Victoria Square cemetery.

Barker—At York County Hospital, Newmarket, on Friday, John William, husband of Sarah Elma Brown of Yonge St., Newmarket, in his 76th year. Funeral service Monday. Interment Pine Orchard cemetery.

Drewery—At Stouffville, on Friday, Isabel Boadway, widow of the late James Drewery, in her 73rd year. Funeral was at the residence of her brother, Isaac Boadwny, Albert St., Stouffville, on Sunday. Interment Stouffville cemetery.

Fargo—Suddenly at her residence, Toronto, on Monday, Kate Mossington Townley, wife of Ralph D. Fargo and eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Townley of Sutton West. Funeral was held at the home on Wednesday. Interment in St. John's cemetery, Norway, Toronto.

Roadhouse & Rose
Funeral Directors
MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET.

PERRIN'S
Flower Shop
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Flowers wired to all parts of the World
Flowers for every occasion
Funeral Flowers
A SPECIALTY
33 Main St. Newmarket
Phone 135W

WILLIAM HOLMES DIES MEMBER TORONTO POLICE

With the record of never having lost a day's pay or having a reprimand, during his 35 years on the Toronto police force, William Holmes died in Toronto early Tuesday morning. He is being buried in Newmarket this afternoon.

Mr. Holmes was ill with pleuro-pneumonia a week ago Saturday when the annual police games took place and the tug-of-war team of which he was captain was victorious.

The Holmes family moved from Bradford, England, to Bradford, Canada, in 1885 and that same year moved to Newmarket. Mr. Holmes lived here until he joined the police force 35 years ago and had been employed in Cane's factory.

He was a big man, six feet four inches, weighing 305 pounds in his prime. His father, John Holmes, was the same size and the whole family was big. Mr. Holmes was here for a few days this year and was up for about a week last year.

Forsyth—On Friday, Louise Fitzsimons, wife of Cecil Carl Forsyth, and mother of Austen, Harvey and Edith. Funeral was held at the residence of her son, 400 Roehampton Ave., Toronto, Monday. Interment Aurora cemetery.

Glass—Suddenly, as the result of an accident, on Saturday, at the Toronto Western Hospital, William H. Glass, in his 68th year. Funeral was on Monday, at his late residence, King. Interment in King.

Harding—At Stouffville, on Friday, after a lingering illness, Alice Yake, widow of the late William Harding, in her 76th year. Funeral was at her late residence, on Sunday. Interment Stouffville cemetery.

Hartman—Suddenly, at Bradford, on Saturday, Susannah Fennell, wife of Lorne A. Hartman, in her 59th year. Funeral service was held at the family home on Monday. Interment in Aurora cemetery.

Holmes—At Toronto General Hospital, Toronto, on Tuesday, Sergeant William Holmes, husband of Euphemia Darrach. Resting at his home, 161 Gladstone Ave., until 12 o'clock Thursday. Funeral service at 2 o'clock at the Salvation Army Citadel, Lisgar St. Interment in Newmarket cemetery.

Newton—At Toronto on Wednesday, Delbert J. (Abb) Newton, son of Mrs. Newton and the late Joseph Newton in his 57th year. Funeral service will be held at the residence of his mother, Pearson's Crossing, Newmarket, on Friday, July 30, at 3 p.m. D.S.T. Interment Newmarket cemetery.

Watson—At York county hospital, Newmarket, on Friday, Edward Albert Watson, formerly of Bond Head, in his 79th year. Interment Mount Pleasant cemetery, Toronto.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late Edward Trusty wish to extend their sincere thanks to their many friends and neighbours for the many kind expressions of sympathy and floral tributes extended during their recent sad bereavement.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late John William Barker wish to express their sincere appreciation to many friends and neighbors for expressions of sympathy and kindness shown in their sad bereavement.

TRAIN FOR A NURSE
THE ONTARIO HOSPITAL, TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, WHITBY, offers an opportunity to a limited number of students with matriculation standing, to be self supporting while training for an interesting profession.
Write Miss Pearl Sharpe, Superintendent of Nurses, for full information.

NOX KIDNEY FLUSHERS
The right way is the only way. If you suffer from kidney trouble, treat them the right way. Flush them with (NOX) KIDNEY FLUSHERS. They wash the bladder, kidneys and urinary tract; at the same time the whole is made antiseptic. No more getting up at nights; swollen limbs go down; rheumatism and that burning sensation and backache is removed. There is only one (NOX) KIDNEY FLUSHERS, and each package contains one month's treatment. Price One Dollar at druggists or direct from the Nox Laboratories, Bay St., Toronto. Your kidneys will be regulated like a clock. NOX KIDNEY FLUSHERS act as a mild laxative, removing bile from the liver
ROWLAND'S DRUG STORE
Phone 209 Newmarket

E. STRASLER & SON
QUEENSVILLE
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND AMBULANCE SERVICE
PHONES—2509—2502

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

PHONE 12

—Mrs. Ross Horn and son of Royal Oak, Mich., spent last week visiting her sister, Mrs. Wilmot Hill, Main St.

—Mr. Wesley Railton of Sintaluta, Sask., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Wilmot Hill, Main st.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Epworth and young son of Cobourg spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Epworth.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. R. Bell and their two sons returned on Sunday from a visit with Mr. Bell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bell, Low, Quebec.

—Miss Olive Niles of Providence, R.I., has been visiting Mrs. Laurie Cane this week.

—Mrs. W. E. Lehman, Toronto, visited her sister, Mrs. Verne Cane, this week.

—Mrs. W. L. Bosworth has been holidaying in Orillia.

—Mr. Denne Bosworth is visiting Mr. Lloyd Rose at Lake Couchiching.

—Master Billy Dunn of Orillia is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Dunn, Huron St.

—Miss Ruth Doyle is holidaying with Miss Helen Rose at Lake Couchiching.

—Mrs. Roy Woodbridge was visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. H. Goslett, and left on Sunday to join her husband at Bigwin Inn.

—Mr. F. A. Lundy returned on Sunday from the Lions convention in Chicago. Mr. Lundy travelled by car.

—Miss Audrey Lundy spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lundy.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lambert, Miss Gwen Lambert and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Courtney returned by boat from the Lions convention in Chicago. The final stage of the trip on Lake Erie was very rough and the landing at Buffalo the most difficult made during the season.

—Mr. Wesley Boyd spent the weekend in Collingwood.

—Mr. Douglas White spent the weekend at his home in Beaverton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Large attended the annual picnic of the messengers of the Bank of Montreal on Centre Island Saturday afternoon. There were about 300 present.

—Miss Winnifred Wood is spending her two weeks holiday at her home in Bradford.

—Miss Lorraine Keetch of Barrie spent last week with Miss Mary Clark.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Manning have returned from their vacation.

—Rev. and Mrs. Frank Brunton returned on Wednesday to their home in Bradenton, Florida. They are motoring by way of Gananoque.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mungovan have returned from Toronto.

Miss Marian Lambert of Orillia is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Collins for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arbogast and daughter, Ruth, of Stratford, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bogart and family.

Mrs. Andrew Hebb returns tomorrow from a holiday at Lake Scugog.

—Mrs. Gordon Thompson leaves on Sunday for two weeks vacation with relatives in Cape Cod, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Gilman and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCaffrey returned last Thursday from a two weeks motor trip through Quebec, Vermont and New York.

—Mrs. George Meyers, Miss Jennie Meyers and Miss Rose Davis left last week to spend three months in England.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gibney and daughter, Muriel, are holidaying in northern Ontario for a week.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McBride, Miss Rita McBride and Mr. Robert Wallbridge, all of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. McBride's sister, Mrs. Freeman Lloyd.

—Miss Ellener E. McBride and Warren O'Harrow are spending their holidays with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Lloyd, Queen St.

Mrs. J. G. Cock is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Shantz, Kitchener.

WEDDINGS

Fines - Pinder

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Beaverton manse by Rev. A. M. Partridge, B.A., on Wednesday, July 14, when Ona Minota Pinder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Pinder of Sharon, became the bride of Mr. Lorne Fines of Bradford.

The bride wore a flowered triple sheer with accessories. She was attended by Miss Muriel Smith of Queensville. The groom was assisted by Mr. Kenneth Pinder, brother of the bride.

The happy couple left for a short honeymoon in northern Ontario and on their return wil reside in Bradford.

Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. William Eves, Newmarket, announce the engagement of their younger daughter, Beatrice Jane, to Mr. Harold Arthur Boyd, son of Mr. Samuel Boyd and the late Mrs. Boyd. Marriage to take place the middle of August.

The engagement is announced of Annie Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beckett, to Earl Arthur Druery, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dreury, the marriage to take place quietly the middle of August.

ATTEND WEDDING

Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Browett of Aurora attended the wedding of Miss Sadie Margaret Bishop and Dr. W. B. Browett in Sombra on Tuesday. Dr. Browett is the son of Dr. J. B. Browett of Toronto.

NEGROES WILL

(Continued from Page 1)

twice that number of negroes," Mr. Brunton said. "I call every week and check up on the men arrested during the week.

"The trouble is that the type of white men that get arrested, the poor white, live from hand to mouth, and often have a lot of children. Usually there is no food in their homes. The families are usually pretty hard up. I visit their homes, take a look in their pantries and then check up with the authorities. In very bad cases I usually apply to the church people for help. We give food, never money.

"The Sunday after Thanksgiving we set up a cross at the foot of the chancel steps, and each child is required to bring a can of nourishing food. The cans are turned over to the county authorities, and are used entirely to feed the families of prisoners.

"Every Saturday I take two young people from our church, a different two each week, to visit a prisoner's family, which our young people have adopted, and to visit the county indigent hospital. We make a tour of the hospital, distributing ice cream and flowers. Then we go to the county jail, distributing tobacco and magazines and occasionally, if they want them, testaments.

"Our young people adopt a prisoner's family every year, preferably a large family of a deserving prisoner, perhaps one whose fault has been drinking too much. We make ourselves responsible for keeping the children clothed. Each member of our society contributes something in the nature of food."

"It is a practical way of teaching young people," The Era remarked.

"It is the only possible way of teaching young people," Mr. Brunton replied.

"Are the people you look after all white people?"

"Mostly," Mr. Brunton said. "I have a regular system of school visiting. I have six schools which I visit including the negro high school. The chapel hours for the white schools are from 8 to 9 a.m. and for negro schools from 11.15 to 12 noon. I visit each school every two weeks, and give a short talk of ten minutes. In the negro high school I offer a prize every year for the best essay handed in on some phase of negro advancement."

"Is your own congregation white?" "Yes, but the largest Episcopal church in the diocese is negro. There are six or seven negro churches in the diocese. We usually have about 800 confirmed in the diocese every year, and of them about one-quarter are colored."

"Aren't most of the negroes Baptists?"

"The negroes belonging to the Episcopal church are usually West Indian negroes, who are a better educated type than the American negroes. The negroes in our town are all American negroes."

"Is there any hope of a solution of the race problem, do you think?" "There is no race problem," was the surprising reply.

"But the negroes are not allowed to vote?"

"Federal law will not permit them to be prevented from having a vote. Most of them don't vote because they don't care to pay the $2.50 poll tax. Only a few negroes vote. The negroes efface themselves."

"What will happen to the negroes?"

"Eventually they will be assimilated," Mr. Brunton said. "There are only about ten million negroes in the United States, and the total population is 110 million. The negroes are becoming less black through inter-breeding, and the mixture is likely to result in quite a distinct American type."

"Don't the negro characteristics reappear sometimes in people who have negro blood?"

"No, that theory has been exploded. The color disappears, and people with negro blood are usually very handsome."

Mr. Brunton studied at Trinity College, Toronto, and went from St. Matthias church, Toronto, to the West Indies in August, 1918. His ministry was transferred to South Carolina in 1924 and to Florida in 1926. He began his work at Bradenton in 1929.

Betty (just engaged): "Doris, can you imagine what it is like to be in love, to sit next to the man you adore and feel your innermost soul vibrate?"

Doris: "Of course, my dear. I feel like that every time Joe takes me out on his motor-bike."

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August Month-End Specials at Brunton's

GROCERIES

Redpath Sugar, best for preserving. 10 lbs.	57c
"Normandie" Preserved Pears, 2 tins for	19c
Tomato Juice, Large tins, 2 for	19c
McCormick's Fancy Sweet Biscuits, 2 lbs.	31c
Royal Matches, strike anywhere, 3 boxes	22c
Tip-Top Marmalade, 32 oz. jar	24c
Weston's Royal Cream Sodas, 2 lb. box	33c

FREE FREE
One Glass Dessert Set with every purchase of 4 pkgs. of Jelly Powders or 2 pkgs. of Minute Tapioca for 29c

Grade A Eggs—Friday only, doz.	25c
Rubber Jar Rings, 2 doz.	13c
Durham Corn Starch	9c
Fry's Cocoa, 1-2 size	19c
Thrift Pure Soap Flakes, 3 lbs.	25c
White Rose Pastry Flour, 24 lb. bag	87c
New Potatoes, 15 lb. peck	21c

Ask For — Save — And Exchange Your Tokens For Aristocrat Dinnerware.

Shoes

Ladies' "Fleet-Foot" Oxfords, Black, White and Surrey. Non-Sorbo Insoles, pair	98c
White Kid Oxfords, Cuban Heels. Broken lines and sizes. Reg. $2.00, pair	$1.50
Girls' White and Elk Kid Sport Oxfords, Sizes 3 to 7. Reg. $2.00 for	$1.50
Camp Shoes, Men's sizes, 6 to 9½	$1.35
Boys' sizes, 11 to 5	$1.19

Dry Goods

EXTRA EXTRA

Table Cloths—Japanese Rayon—52x52 inches Four Colors. Be early for these	57c
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Turkish Towels—All White 22x42 inches Reg. 50c each	39c
Tea Towels—Pure Linen. Reg. 25c each	21c
Ladies' Hose—Lisle and Rayon Silk finish Hose, assorted colors and sizes, pair	25c
Brassieres—White Brocaded Contil, 10 inches wide. 38 to 44. Special	35c
Moodie's Cotton Vests—Fine Quality, Large and Medium. Sleeveless	35c
Modess—Ex. O.S. Size	40c
21c pkg. 2 for	39c

Store Closed Monday, Civic Holiday - Open All Day Next Wednesday

W. A. Brunton & Co.
Phone 32 Prompt Motor Delivery

The public-spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her.

"Little boy, haven't you any home?" she asked.

"Oh, yes'm. I've got a home."

"And loving parents?"

"Yes'm."

"I'm afraid you do not know what affection really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

"Yes'm."

"Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

"Yes'm."

"Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' at 2 o'clock next Monday afternoon in Lyceum Hall?"

"What's the matter with you, Ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!"

A man went into a book shop to purchase a present. "I want an illustrated edition of the Psalms, please," he asked the young lady behind the counter.

The assistant went away for some time, and then returned to ask, "Who's it by?"

"I read in a book that Apollo was chasing a nymph and she turned into a tree."

"He was lucky. The one I'm chasing always turns into a jewelry shop or a restaurant."

Other People's Ways Of Increasing Sales



1. They sell as cheaply as possible.
2. They carry as wide a range of goods as they can afford.
3. They make their stores attractive, displaying their wares invitingly.
4. They make their store window an advertisement, placing new and attractive goods in the window, changing the window once a week or oftener.
5. They have another display window in The Era to interest thousands of people as compared with the hundreds who will see their store window.

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The Newmarket Era
Twice winner of the Clark Cup as Canada's best weekly of between 1,000 and 2,000 circulation

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Matinee Saturday

HOLLAND THEATRE BRADFORD

2 Shows 7.30 and 9.30 Stand. Time

Fri.—Sat.—July 30-31
Two Features
MARY ASTOR in
"Lady from Nowhere"
—ALSO—
BOB ALLEN in
"Unknown Ranger"

Sun. Mid.—Mon.—Tue. Aug. 1-2-3
ROBERT WILCOX
NAN GRAY
in
"THE MAN IN BLUE"
Selected Shorts

Wed.—Thurs.—Aug. 4-5
BETTE DAVIS
HUMPHREY BOGART
in
"MARKED WOMAN"

MIDNIGHT SHOW SUNDAY AUG. 1st at 12.05

PREVIEW SHOWING "MAN IN BLUE"

MOUNT ALBERT LOSES TO REDS

The Redmen returned the visit paid earlier in the season by the Mount Albert ball club, on Monday evening. The weather was a little too cold for a display of good softball, but there was nothing wrong with the Redmen's hitting. The score was 19-9 at the end of the sixth, when the game was halted by darkness.

Mount Albert, on the other hand, failed to hit their batting stride until the fifth inning, when Green, Stokes, Draper, Morton and Stewart scored. Bill Morton pitched for Mount Albert for the first four frames and was relieved by Mitchell.

Wesley Niles started on the mound for the Reds and allowed only two hits in the three innings he worked. Bill VanZant relieved Niles.

Joe Tunney and Ken Giles officiated as umpires and drew lots of good-natured kidding from both teams.

Teams—Mount Albert: Applegurg, Ward, Green, Stokes, Draper, Morton, Stewart, Mitchell and Watts.

Newmarket: Niles, VanZant, Peters, Brammer, Selby, Hilton, Gibney, Cunningham.

LOCAL TENNIS CLUB VISITS IN BARRIE

The local tennis stars visited Barrie on Wednesday of last week to continue their tournament series.

In the men's A singles, K. Davis, Newmarket, defeated Dr. J. H. N. Smith, Barrie, 6-4, 6-3. Charles Seagram of Barrie won the men's B singles, defeating J. S. Chopin of Newmarket in three sets, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1.

In the men's A doubles, Dr. Smith and C. Seagram defeated Arnold Molyneaux and Thomas Scott of Newmarket, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2. Jack Hamilton and N. L. Mathews of Newmarket defeated a Barrie team by 6-1, 6-3, to capture the men's B doubles.

The ladies' singles went to Misses Seagram and Grant of Barrie, who defeated Misses Clarkson and Hunter, 6-2, 6-2. Miss L. Seagram defeated Miss Alberta Simpson of Newmarket in the singles, 6-0, 6-1.

In the mixed doubles, J. S. Chopin, and Miss Simpson of Newmarket defeated Mr. Felt and Miss Bryson, 6-2, 6-2.

AURORA

SERVICE AIDED BY ORCHESTRA

An orchestra, just in its infancy, under the direction of Aubrey Bailey of Newmarket, assisted with the music of the morning service in the United church on Sunday.

The group has only been playing together a short time, and is still growing in numbers, but the music was greatly enjoyd by the congregation.

Miss L. Ney of the Rainey River staff, who has been marking papers in Toronto this summer, was visiting in Aurora last weekend.

A local rink, composed of Messrs. N. Eade, C. Williamson, P. Fingold and M. L. Andrews won fourth place in the Stouffville bowling tournament on Friday.

All, from coast to coast, by the name of Mortson, were invited to a family gathering here on Wednesday. R. C. Mortson of Timmins convened the get-together. The family name is well known in musical circles through Miss Alexina Mortson, a musician of this district.

Geo. Kaiser has been in the York County Hospital as a result of an accident here on Saturday.

Mr. Frank Smith of St. Marys and Mrs. Norris Smith of Windsor attended the funeral of Mrs. Lorne Hartman here on Monday.

Misses B. Charles, M. and B. Andrews spent a week motoring around Lake Erie and returned home on Monday.

SECOND PLAYOFF

(Continued from Page 1)

was out at the plate, trying to score.

The Hill boys made their one run in the fifth, when Jimmy Crean tripled to centre and the ball got away from Cunningham, Crean scoring After that no Richmond Hill player reached third base and Alex Webster pulled himself out of further trouble by starting a fast double-play in the eighth.

Selby's triple drove in the third run for the Reds after Hilton had singled to right to start the Reds' half of the eighth inning. Selby was left stranded, however, when the next three batters popped out on infield flies.

Teams—Richmond Hill: Bennet and Stong, p; A. Crean, c; Ecklin, lb; White, 2b; Koning and Saul, 3b; A. Stong, ss; Mabley, rf; J. Crean, cf; Brown lf.

Newmarket: Webster, p; Burkholder, c; Peters, lb; Brammer, 2b; Selby, 3b; Hilton, ss; Gibney, rf; Giles, cf; Cunningham, lf.

LOCAL PLAYERS ARE VICTORIOUS

The local tennis club got the better of the match with Allandale here yesterday afternoon.

Arnold Molyneaux and Keith Davis of Newmarket won the doubles. Keith Davis defeated Billy Bell of Allandale in the men's A singles. N. L. Mathews won against Morley Hanna in the men's B singles. Miss Bea Lyons lost in the ladies' singles to Miss Garside of Allandale.

J. S. Chopin and Miss Alberta Simpson won 6-2, 6-2 in the mixed doubles. Mrs. James Bowman and Miss Olive Clarkson lost 6-0, 6-1 in the ladies' doubles.

WINS BROCK TOURNEY

Playing a par-shattering third round of 66, Jules Huot, 29-year-old French-Canadian professional, staved off a last minute splurge of several American players to win the General Brock open golf tournament. This was the first time in many years that a Canadian has won a home tournament over American invaders. In winning this rich golfing event, Huot also bettered the touring record score by five strokes, with a 72-hole total of 280.

NEWMARKETERS DO WELL

A Newmarket rink, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marshall and Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Boyd, won first for three wins at an Aurora mixed fours bowling tournament last week. A Richmond Hill team, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Miss Stephens and Mr. Robertson, was high for two wins, and a team consisting of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Willis, Stanley Janes and Mrs. Arthur Goring was high for one win.

STOUFFVILLE LADY DIES

Following a stroke, Mrs. William Harding died at her home in Stouffville on Saturday. She was in her 75th year. A member of the well-known Yake family, Mrs. Harding has been a life-long resident of the district.

NAME CONSTABLES

Following complaints of Lake Simcoe summer residents, additional county officers are being appointed to patrol the northern municipalities, and relieve the seven officers already on the job.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING

Standing under a tree, eight feet from his father, Murray Avison, 29, was instantly killed by lightning on Friday afternoon. They were walking on their farm at Victoria Square when the storm suddenly broke.

DON'T WANT RADIAL

The abolition of the radial line and the replacing of this service with buses were asked by citizens of Richmond Hill on Tuesday, in order to prevent the weekend traffic congestion on Yonge St. The highway can be widened, as it is north of Richmond Hill, if the radial line is done away with.

Stop!

The man from Oklahoma had just arrived in Boston.

"Hey, officer," he said to a policeman, "can you tell me where is a good place to stop at?"

"Just before the at," the officer replied, continuing down the street, swinging his nightstick.

After a poor day's fishing some anglers were sitting round the fire in the bar parlor. As the hour grew later the tales took on more and more enormous proportions, until at last a lawyer in the company allowed his imagination a little scope.

"I was once fishing in the States, for — for —" and he hesitated.

"For whales?" asked one of his listeners.

"No, no," snapped the lawyer, "we were baiting our hooks with whales."

"We'd better make a front-page story of that wedding" remarked the editor.

"Why?" asked the society reporter in surprise, "they aren't very prominent people."

"That may be," he replied, "but this is the first account of a wedding you have turned in for ages that hasn't had as a last line, 'They will reside with the bride's parents.'"

The Daughters of Dr. Jed

By Malura T. Weaver

The cry was still a terrifying echo when a lavender bathing cap and a yellow one were already bobbing over the waves. Two pairs of slender arms were lifting and falling in a swift crawl toward those churning waters from where the cry had come.

On the strip of beach behind them was a jumbled scene of life guards putting out a boat, enormous gaily-colored mushrooms that were beach umbrellas being overturned and shrill warning screams of "Barracuda!" The water was rough but the bobbing lavender and yellow caps, which everyone knew identified the Jed girls were still in the lead of the boats as well as the few swimmers who had actually been in the water when the cry was first heard.

Now the people on the beach bunched into a tense group as if they might have possessed a single eye and that was fixed upon the race on which a human life depended. "Some one's got there!" a voice rasped out, audibly following what was evident to all the watchers. "It's the lavender cap—a Jed, of course! Now the boat's there, too — they're diving! Does that mean— But no, they're heaving something aboard! It's a girl!"

Immediately the tense group separated into individuals again. Everybody talked at once. "I'll get Doctor Jed," one of the men shouted, sprinting toward the parked cars. In a minute he was speeding down the winding road that led to the big house on the bluff.

The sun, which had been shining only intermittently all afternoon, hid behind a thick blanket of clouds. Rain began to fall. A deep rumbling sounded in the west. Noticing the unmistakable signs of approaching storm, the bathers quickly adjusted one of the enormous umbrellas as a protection for the temporary bed they were preparing. They seemed to be keeping an eye on the progress of the lifeboat trying to make shore at a maximum speed and on the blur of dust already half up the bluff road.

The rescue boat, Doctor Jed, and the storm all seemed to arrive at the same time. Through a stinging rain willing hands lifted the unconscious girl and laid her tenderly beneath the umbrella that was beginning to sway with the sweep of the wind. The bathers drew away then to await what verdict the skilful fingers of Doctor Jed should pronounce.

Anne Jed threw herself on the wet sand. She was still breathless from her mad plunge. The injured girl, Diane Mallory, was one of her best friends. It must have been sheer will that forced Anne to lie quietly while her father probed into the jagged wound the vicious thrust of the barracuda had made.

"It was a Jed—Anne—who did it all," one of the life guards nearby remarked by way of disclaiming all credit for the rescue to himself.

With not so much as a flicker of an eyelash did Anne acknowledge the fact that she had heard.

Lesley Jed had also thrown herself on the sand but so near to the water's edge that the waves pounding in with the storm broke against her shoulders. In her hands she was twisting her yellow cap.

"Steady, old girl!" the eyes of the tall chap sitting near her telegraphed.

The rain beat down against the flesh of their shoulders. Suddenly Lesley flung back her head. "Well, Mike, why don't you ask me what was the trouble out there?" She spoke defiantly. "I'm a good swimmer, I admit it. Freely. I have seads of strength. Endless endurance. Why don't you ask me what was the matter?"

"Perhaps," the man answered slowly, "Because I know already."

"Oh, but you don't. You can't, Mike; not possibly. Believe me, it isn't because Anne got there first. Nothing mattered except that someone must get there in time. But something happened to me, Mike. I was ahead of Anne; then I lost my rhythm—and I'm a good swimmer. I gulped in about a quart of water. It gurgled in my throat; it stung my nose. It almost drowned me. If it hadn't been for you, Mike, I think I would have drowned. I—"

"Never mind, Lesley. I'll acknowledge the debt with unbecoming modesty, if you insist."

Lesley pounded the sand with her fist, but she kept her voice low. "Don't you see, Mike? Something's all wrong with me. It's inside. It's I, myself. I'm a quitter! I'm a—"

With a hissing sound a wave broke over her and she fell forward on her face as if the strength had left her body. Leaning over, Mike grasped her by her shoulders, shaking them roughly. "Lesley," his voice was harsh, "you're a woman; don't act like a child!"

In the face of the rebuke she pulled herself to a sitting position. No one was paying any attention to them. The bathers were bunched again in tense knots. The swaying umbrella still sheltered Doctor Jed and his patient.

"Lesley," Mike went on, gently now, "I've known for months that you're making yourself needlessly miserable."

"Needlessly?" echoed Lesley. "Mike, you can't know what torment it's been. If I only knew what to fight, perhaps I'd know how to fight it. Don't you see I can't be kept in the dark any longer."

He looked at her steadily. "And if I were to tell you, Lesley?"

"You!" She was aghast. "You—know?"

He nodded. "And what I know is yours for the asking."

"Well," she clamped her mouth into a thin line, "I'm asking you, Mike!"

But before he could answer, a grim-faced Doctor Jed came from beneath the beach umbrella, whipping out orders in his quick, nervous manner. "I've got to get Diane to the mainland. Speed is imperative. Get my slicker somebody, the 'Nymph,' and a Jed at the wheel."

The wind was rising. He had to bellow above its howl. "Anne! You've done your share! Home to bed with you! Thank God I have another daughter, Lesley! We're going to the mainland! Right away!"

Mike began to protest. Perhaps he could handle the "Nymph" instead of Lesley. But Doctor Jed brusquely refused. "Only Lesley and Anne understand that boat's vagaries. Lesley'll take the wheel. You help me with Diane."

A few minutes later the sturdy nose of the "Nymph" was pointing toward the dim outline of the mainland, but between the "Nymph" and its objective were treacherous swelling waves, a high wind, and rain. In the bottom of the boat was the still unconscious Diane, flanked on either side by Doctor Jed and Mike.

Lesley gave the wheel a quick spin. The motor began to hum above the drone of the storm. Into those white-crested churning waters moved the "Nymph."

"Good luck, Lesley!" came clearly across the widening space of water. It was Anne's voice. Without looking, Lesley acknowledged it with a farewell wave of her hand.

Born on the same day and the same hour of the same year; nevertheless Anne and Lesley Jed were not twins. They were no blood relation. Which was the daughter of Doctor Jed, however, and which the daughter of a friendless waif, no one knew except the doctor himself. When he, with characteristic compassion, took the hour-old daughter of a dear charity patient and placed her beside his own, whom death had also robbed of a mother as well as a twin sister, Doctor Jed regarded her as his own child from that moment. He reared and educated the two girls equally.

Realizing the unhappiness that has come to children when told the parents they loved were foster ones, the doctor decided no skeleton should be hidden in the Jed closets whose bones would rattle when least expected. To relatives, friends, and in due time the girls themselves, he made known the whole facts, except the identity of his own child. Until three months before Diane's accident the plan had worked admirably.

Three months before the girls had graduated from college, and from that time Lesley had floundered like the "Nymph" in a strong breeze with no one at the wheel. Anne had been so sure of herself, and what she wanted to do. She had specialized. She was enthusiastic about an opening, a small one to be sure, but an opening, in her chosen field of designing, in the autumn. Not so with Lesley. Guided by Doctor Jed she had come through school safely, but on her own she found herself a complete failure. She felt restless, detached, uninterested; yet she held fast to the Jed creed that life was work. Like a spectre, then, a belief that she was a failure in life even as the friendless little waif had been a failure. To Lesley it was a taint of blood that marked her for the outsider but she had not wanted to hurt Doctor Jed by fighting it in the open. That feeling of oneness that had existed among the three of them and bound them together would inevitably be destroyed. Until Mike's totally unlooked for intimation that he knew which girl was which, Lesley had thought Doctor Jed was the only living person who knew.

Now Lesley bent low over the wheel, but she was not thinking of failure nor heritage. Her eyes were fixed on that dim outline which was the mainland, and automatically she guided the "Nymph" into the brunt of the storm.

For a space Lesley was conscious of an electric tension behind her. She sent the "Nymph" forward to the limit of its capacity.

Lesley flung a single look over her shoulder and glimpsed Doctor Jed's white face. Even as she looked he shook his head slowly. "No, use! Diane's going!" He spread his right hand in a hopeless gesture; his left was noting the unconscious girl's pulse beats. Mike was crouched beside her, half holding her in mid-air in an effort to break the roll and pitch of the boat.

"The storm's breaking," called Lesley. "In four minutes the tide'll change; it'll be with us then. I can make some headway. Can she hold out that long?"

Once more Doctor Jed shook his head slowly. "She's losing too much blood!"

"When the tide changes," snapped Lesley, and her tones matched the brittle ones of Doctor Jed's, "I'll cut my motor and take the waves in as much of a smooth rocking movement as I can. You try a transfusion!"

The second hand of her watch crept around its tiny circle. The wind was dying to an eerie whistle. At the appointed moment Lesley cut her motor. An easy drifting motion followed. "Easy!" she called, "Easy!" and occasionally "Hold!" as the "Nymph" caught a high one broadside, momentarily destroying that smooth rocking movement.

"Full steam ahead!" boomed Doctor Jed's voice, and Lesley spun the wheel. Over the gleaming water the "Nymph" skimmed along on its final stretch.

By the time Lesley had moored the boat safely, Doctor Jed and Mike were well on the way to the hospital with their patient.

It was growing dark. Hugging her slicker about her, Lesley began to pace the rain-beaten water front. An hour later Mike came.

"Can't tell yet." He answered the question in her eyes. "She has a chance. That's about all."

"And you?" Lesley touched his bandaged wrist.

"That's nothing." He was impatient. "I'd forgotten about it."

Lesley dug into her slicker pocket and pulled out a dilapidated looking hot-dog sandwich, split it in two, and gravely offered the half to Mike. They ate in silence until Mike said haltingly, "Lesley—I—wonder if you realize—what a big job you've just done. I—I want to answer that question you asked me. I want to answer it now."

"Oh, that." She dismissed it with a wave of her hand. "I'm thinking about Diane—and old Anne rushing in in spite of that barracuda—and you—out there on the boat without ether—and Dad—why, we haven't time to think about me now, Mike."

* * *

A month later that strip of beach across the channel from the mainland presented a different picture. The sun was shining and the water was flecked with gay-colored caps that looked like so many toy balloons. Lesley and Mike were swimming lazily toward the floating raft with no thought of barracuda, for Doctor Jed had financed a sea screen that afforded safety to the bathers.

"Yes, I saw Diane yesterday," Lesley was saying. "She looks fine. Probably in another week Dad'll advise a trip over here to the island."

"And Anne?"

"Marvelous!" Lesley was enthusiastic. "Great girl, Anne. Imagine not telling about her foot because she knew Diane needed all the attention at that moment."

They pulled themselves close in to the raft, holding on with one hand. "She's great, all right," agreed Mike, "but that other Jed—Lesley. That's the gal I'm interested in. I hear she's been kicked out of every job she's tried this summer; so in desperation Doc had to take her into his morning clinic. Trying to foist her on his charity patients. Is that straight?"

Lesley giggled. "Absolutely. Personally I think Dad is taking an awful chance. I warned him."

Someone dived from the raft and over their heads. "And how's she making out?" Mike was bouncing from the splash like a rubber ball.

"Fair. Dad's pleased; so I suppose that's all that matters. You know she was developing one of those horrid complexes. Only a selfish person develops a complex; so, I know her pretty well, and, anyway, I put the skids under that complex."

Mike swung around, so that he could look at her steadily. "No wonder Doc's pleased, Lesley." He was suddenly serious. "You sparkle. And I'm sure no one could ever bottle up a sparkle like that in a cosmetic jar. I hope I'm not going to dim the shine of it when I tell you—Anne is Doctor Jed's daughter!"

"Oh!" Lesley was breathless. "I'm sorry—I mean glad."

Mike went on as if he had not heard what she was saying. "Yes, the sparkle's still there. Even though I'm telling you that by every thought and every manner Anne reflects that she's a Jed. And what does that make you, Lesley? A Jed, too! On the way to the hospital with Diane that night, Doc said, 'I've been blind, Mike. Lesley belongs at the clinic with me.' Don't you see, you're both Jeds? One by birth; one by environment. Does it matter much which is which?"

Lesley drew in a long breath. "No," she said simply, "no. It doesn't matter at all." They both knew she was speaking the truth.

Husband: "Why does a woman say she has been shopping when she hasn't bought a thing?"

Wife: "Why does a man say he's been fishing when he hasn't caught anything?"

A popular referee was at a charitable boxing display, and appeared for the first time in evening clothes. When the first bout was due, he went into the ring and, with arms outstretched, turned slowly to secure silence.

As a deep hush settled over the audience, a cockney voice cried out: "It fits all right, Bert, what about buying it?"

"Halt!" yelled the sergeant to a new squad of recruits. But one of them marched on.

"Here, Jones, what were you doing before you joined the army?" yelled the sergeant.

"A horse driver, sir," replied Jones.

When the squad was marching again, the sergeant cried: "Squad, halt! Jones, whoa!"

Land agent and tenant were strolling through the fields together discussing farming when the agent said, "To come to the point, I'm about to raise your rent."

"Capital!" exclaimed the farmer. "I can hardly raise myself."

"You don't understand," explained the other. "I'm going to raise your land."

"Better still," beamed the farmer. "It often gets under water."

The landlady of the boarding-house was having a slight argument with a young male lodger.

"I'm always at work," said she, "busy as a bee."

"You're not like a bee," said the boarder, "a bee can only sting a person once."

A little boy in an American school refused to sew, thinking it beneath the dignity of a 10-year-old man.

George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must, "and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?"

"I don't know; time will tell," said the boy seriously.

POLICE COURT

DISPUTE ENDS OUTSIDE COURT

Newmarket's police court established a local record on Tuesday when adjournment was called an hour after the court opened.

Charges of non-payment of wages against Walter Blanchard were dismissed when he and the complainant insisted on arguing in court, instead of giving evidence in the regular manner. They left to continue their argument outside.

Allan Knight of Toronto, charged with speeding in North Gwillimbury, pleaded that he had a new car and the speedometer was not registering properly. He had a statement from a garage to prove it.

"You should ask the firm which sold you the car to take care of this fine," Magistrate L. J. C. Bull observed. Payment of the fine was suspended a week until further evidence could be obtained from Constable Anthony Croutch.

Robert Smiley paid $7 and costs for speeding at 60 miles an hour and Wm. Huelis paid $10 and costs for a speed of 62 miles. A fine of $2 and costs was levied against the Dresswell Cleaners for irregular parking on the lake shore road.

FINED FOR CUTTING IN

For cutting in and out of traffic in Aurora Donald Douglas was fined $10 and costs in county police court in Toronto this week. Constable Aubrey Fleury said that the accused man had forced another car to stop.

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TREASURE HUNT

—By Barbara Webb

SYNOPSIS

Belinda Louise (Lindy Lou) Hillcrest is on her way to Twinoaks, her childhood home. She has been told there is treasure hidden on the old place and is determined to find it. She has a letter and a map from her former nurse, Pearl White, an old colored woman, now dead. Back in New York, the Hillcrest family are ignorant of the purpose of her trip. Out on a sales trip is handsome Anton Homans, to whom Lindy Lou has recently become engaged. Anton also knows about the map and letter, but has forbidden Lindy Lou to search for the treasure and supposes her to be on a visit to her aunt. It has been five years since Lindy Lou, then a girl of 14, saw Twinoaks.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Firmness Meets Resistance

Long before the conductor called Green Junction, where Lindy Lou had to change to a local for Threeforks, she was ready and waiting. She had had her breakfast on the train and had watched the pine trees slide by with a mounting sense of excitement. Every turn of the wheels brought her nearer her destination, and every minute that passed increased her excitement.

The train rolled to a stop. Lindy Lou climbed down the steps of the Pullman, tipped the porter, and saw her bags deposited in the station. She had an hour to wait for the Threeforks local, and she decided to telephone Aunt Fanny from there. "For," reasoned Lindy Lou, "I don't want anyone to know why I'm at Twinoaks any sooner than necessary, and if I telephone from there someone might overhear me."

She called a protesting aunt.

"But where will you stay, Lindy Lou? You can't stay at the house alone, you know that."

"Oh, there's a boarding house. Mamma says Mrs. Jackson still takes in boarders. I'm just homesick for a sight of the old place, Aunt Fanny."

Lindy Lou hadn't the slightest intention of staying at the boarding house, but Aunt Fanny wasn't to know this. Finally she concluded her call, having promised to come over to Aunt Fanny's very soon, and turned away from the telephone with a sigh of relief. All her bridges were burned now. She had accomplished the last thing needful to obtain her freedom.

"I'm on my way now," thought Lindy Lou exultingly. "Really on my way."

The local, dusty and slow and dreary as only a local train can be, whined into the junction. Lindy Lou got aboard and settled down on the hard straw seat for her hour's ride. The conductor looked at her curiously. He knew everyone who rode on the local most days, and this was a mighty pretty girl to be traveling alone to Threeforks, one of the smallest stops on the line.

"Goin' to visit your folks?" he inquired.

Lindy Lou shook her head. "No, just making a little visit there to friends."

She was to meet this curiosity often enough in the weeks that followed, and always found it difficult to answer, so used had she grown to the indifference of New York.

"Must be somebody I know," the conductor went on conversationally; "I reckon I know every dog and cat in Threeforks."

"I'm really just down on business," Lindy Lou told him with dignity. "I used to live there."

"Now did you? What part of town?"

Lindy Lou longed to tell him to hush, but she didn't want to rouse suspicion, so she said: "I'm Miss Hillcrest; my family used to live at Twinoaks."

"Well, well; say, I knew your papa and mamma well. You must be their older daughter, Miss Belinda."

Lindy Lou admitted it and spent a tiresome fifteen minutes retailing news of her family's present condition, and leaving, she hoped, an impression in the conductor's mind that she was down to see about matters connected with the estate. He passed on at last, but Lindy Lou felt dismally that by evening everyone in Threeforks would know she was there.

When she left the train at the little station, broiling now in the midday sun, her one idea was to avoid notice if possible. She felt she just had to have her first sight of the house alone, without prying eyes to watch her. She lugged her bags into the station, where the ticket agent was so busy with a consignment of packages that he didn't have time to pay much attention to her, but said "yes," he'd keep an eye on her baggage for her, only she must remember the depot closed at four in the afternoon, and then she slipped out and walked along the main—and only—street of the town.

How well she remembered it, now she was there. There was the corner grocery where she and Joe used to buy stick candy. There was the drug store — and that white house with the paling fence was Mrs. Jackson's boarding house. Further down was a huddle of cabins where the Negroes lived, and over there on the right was the "Threeforks Drygoods Emporium." Lindy Lou remembered struggling over that word when she was smaller.

Two little colored boys were conducting a fruit sale on the sidewalk, and Lindy Lou bought a bag of apples from them for her lunch. They waited on her with such enthusiastic politeness that she felt sure she was their only customer for the day.

She passed the Southern Methodist church with a banner outside announcing an ice cream social in two days; she looked at the small, bare schoolhouse, closed now and dusty in the sunshine, where she had learned her letters; and then she struck off the main road along a path she knew that led her to Twinoaks. Many and many a time she and Joe had trudged along it, lunch-boxes in hand, on their way to school. But where they loitered and dallied then, taking off their shoes to wade in the brook, "chucking" stones at the wild cherry trees, Lindy Lou hurried now, unmindful of the heat and the dust.

It was a good two miles' walk, and Lindy Lou had to slacken her pace before it was finished. Then at last she rounded the last crooked turn in the path and Twinoaks stood out stark and white before her. Lindy Lou felt her heart sink a little. She hadn't somehow expected to have it look so utterly desolate, so completely abandoned.

Weeds grew rank and high in the yard. A clump of golden glow had managed to top the grass and gave the one note of color. Shutters sagged from the windows of the house on the lower storey, and on the second storey several broken panes of glass gave the place a queer, staring appearance. The front porch, piazza they always called it, needed repair and, to add a final touch of isolation, a harrow, rusty and falling to pieces, raised itself in the barn-lot.

Lindy Lou turned her eyes away from the barns and outhouses. The main house was bad enough. For the first time she felt it might be better not to try to stay here. Old prejudices rushed into her mind, old childhood fears and superstitions shook her. She opened the gate, latchless now, and went up what had once been a path to the front door. She sat on the edge of the porch and leaned her head on her arms.

"I'm just hot and tired," she said aloud, "and when I've rested a bit I'll feel better. I'll go round to the pump and get a good, cool drink of water and wash my face and hands, and then I'll take a look inside the house."

But the pump was rusty and disused, too, and when Lindy Lou finally got the crank that worked it moving it gave out a shriek of protest that made her jump. With every turn it shrieked and wailed, and halted and stuck on its rusty chain, but finally Lindy Lou got the leaky old bucket to the top and began hastily to lave her face and hands before the water should all run out.

She was too busy doing this to see the man who came riding by on an old, white horse, and who stopped in sheer amazement at the sight of a young, pretty, modishly dressed girl in the dooryard of the old, abandoned Hillcrest place. He sat there motionless, observing her. The horse switched the flies away and, realizing that his master was not riding on, at once lowered his head and began to crop the grass at the side of the road.

Lindy Lou took a deep drink, wiped her face and dripping hands on an inadequate wisp of a handkerchief, drew a long relieved breath, and looked around. She saw the man sitting there and gave a startled, "Oh!" Then stood very still.

The man swung himself off his horse, hooked the reins over the gatepost, and came toward her at a leisurely walk. When he was within a few paces he took off his straw sun hat and Lindy Lou saw that he was young, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, freckled, and had strong red hands.

"Could I do something for you, ma'am?" he drawled. "This isn't a very likely place for a lady who's lost her way."

"I haven't lost my way," said Lindy Lou crossly, and then, "Why, I know who you are—Lee Beverly."

The young man looked at her. "You've got the advantage of me, ma'am," he said, but he stared harder and then gave a wide friendly grin. "It's Lindy Lou Hillcrest! What on earth are you doing out here?"

Lindy Lou sat down on the edge of the well curb. "I've come down for a visit," she said.

"Your mamma here, too?" he asked politely, but still taking in Lindy Lou's prettiness for all he was worth.

"No," said Lindy Lou, "I'm here alone."

"Aiming to stay a while?" he asked.

"Several weeks."

"At Mrs. Jackson's? I seem to remember you haven't any kinfolks in Threeforks."

"No," said Lindy Lou, "I'm going to stay right here at the house."

"Alone?"

Lindy Lou nodded, and the young man, after a moment, said very decidedly, "You can't do that, Lindy Lou, you can't stay here alone."

CHAPTER EIGHT

"I'd like to know why I can't stay here alone," Lindy Lou remarked, "Here, sit down and eat an apple with me, I'm starved, and it won't hurt your reputation any to linger that long."

Lee grinned again. "You're still right saucy, even if you do talk like a Yankee now, Lindy Lou."

Lindy Lou heaved a mock sigh. "Dear me, up there they say I talk like a Southerner, now you tell me I talk like a Yankee. What's a poor girl to do?"

They bit into their apples. Lindy Lou took a good long look at Lee. He was surely an improvement now over the long-limbed skinny young fellow she remembered. He was five years older than Lindy Lou and had teased her unmercifully when she was a little girl.

"How are your folks?" she asked at length when the silence grew somewhat oppressive.

"You're way behind with your news, Lindy Lou. My folks"—his face sobered, "mama died four years ago. And dad stayed on at the farm alone while I was in college. He died, too, my second year. I didn't go back. I'm running the place now."

"I'm sorry," Lindy Lou said gently. "I didn't know, Lee. Do you—do you like it here?"

For the first time his face lighted with enthusiasm, "Lindy Lou, I love it! I've only had the place to run myself for two years, and already I can see big changes, and I can see too, where some day I'm going to bring back the old Beverly prosperity to the Beverly plantation. No siree, I wouldn't do anything else for the world than just what I'm doing now."

"But don't you get lonely?"

"I'm so tired nights I tumble into bed, Lindy Lou, and never think about being lonesome."

"But — but," Lindy Lou sputtered her protest, "Don't you ever want any amusement? Don't you get tired of nothing but trees and wind and land——"

Lee took up the list — "and horses and dogs and fields and crops and flowers and things that grow—no Lindy Lou. I don't get tired. I think—I think they're the best things in the world."

Lindy Lou considered. This was new talk to her. "But don't you have any ambition?" she asked at last.

"Ambition?" his face flushed a deep red. "No, Lindy Lou, I reckon I haven't, as you look at things in the city. I only want to see the old place bloom again, restore the house, grow some fine horses, see my bank account go up, pay off most of the mortgage. I reckon that isn't much of an ambition the way you look at things."

Lindy Lou felt that she had hurt him. Also she wanted him to go so she could begin her explorations. "Well"——she began, and then stopped. She couldn't very well ask him to leave point-blank. He plucked a long blade of grass and began to chew it reflectively.

Presently he said: "We're a long way from where we started, Lindy Lou. I remarked that you couldn't stay here alone, and you said you were going to. But I hope you've changed your mind. You know you can't stay here alone in that house, falling to pieces as it is."

Privately Lindy Lou herself had been resolving the wisdom of going back to Mrs. Jackson's, but his words and his tone roused her opposition. "Oh I guess I'll stay here," she said casually.

"But why, Lindy Lou? Honestly you oughtn't to. In fact," his face hardened so sternly that Lindy Lou was tempted to giggle, "in fact you can't, and that's flat."

"Oh, I know the place is held for taxes, but I reckon the County Commissioners or whoever they are won't put a Hillcrest out just because she wants to sleep in the house for a couple of weeks."

"You know it isn't that, Lindy Lou. I don't know what you've been doing, up there in the North, but girls can't do all the things down here they do up there."

"Eyewash," said Lindy Lou rudely. "I'm old enough to take care of myself, and if people want to talk, let them. I've got business down here and I'm going to manage it my own way."

"It isn't just the talk," he persisted, "though you'll find that bad enough when people find out you're here, and it isn't just the discomfort, though Lord knows that house isn't fit for pigs right now, but actually, Lindy Lou, it isn't safe. Prowlers come around old empty houses, and, well, this is the South and out in the country — not the North and steam-heated apartments."

Lindy Lou's chin went up. "Thank you for calling my house a pigpen," she said.

Lee threw back his head and laughed. "Trust a woman to dodge an argument," he said; then, more seriously, "just you come along with me, Lindy Lou. I'll open that front door for you, and I'll bet you a ripe chinkipin nut that you won't set foot inside the front hall."

"I will, too."

Lindy Lou felt much smaller and younger now, for this was the way she used to argue with Lee about far less important matters than occupied them at this moment. But she waited, nevertheless, while he went to tie his horse more securely, and then cleared away a path with hands and riding boots so they could get up to the house.

"Keys?" he asked laconically when they stood on the piazza.

Lindy Lou grew red. "I haven't any."

"Shall I break in the door?"

"Let's try a window; after we get in we can open the door from inside, maybe."

Lee opened a shutter, lifted a creaking window from the bottom and put his long legs over the sill. Lindy Lou climbed in after him, disturbing dust that had lain on the floor for five years. Lee groped his way to the door and found it was boarded up, planks nailed across it to hold it fast.

"I'll pry this open if I can find an old poker," he said, and went through the hall toward the kitchen. Left alone, Lindy Lou looked around the bare, dusty room. Paper was peeling from the walls, the ceiling was stained, spiders had made merry in the corners and a hundred little black bugs scurried indignantly away.

"Ugh!" Lindy Lou shuddered in spite of herself, and was glad for the first time of Lee's being there.

He came back with the poker and bent the nails back that held the front door. Then he flung it open, letting in a flood of sunshine and making the room, if possible, look dreadier than ever.

"Well," he demanded, "staying here?"

"Not in this room, but mama said some of the beds were still here, and some of the pots and pans in the kitchen. I'll have to go back to Threeforks to get my bags and when I have them brought out I'll get some food. I'm not afraid of camping out awhile, Lee Beverly."

"Apparently you're not. See here, Lindy Lou, there's something back of your being down here like this. Why not tell me about it and let me help you out? If you're in trouble of some kind or anything like that, why——"

"I'm not in any kind of trouble. The idea! I just want to——" she hesitated, for Lee's clear, blue eyes were upon her and she felt suddenly that she could not lie to him directly.

"Suppose I go back to Threeforks for your things, Lindy Lou, since you seem so set on staying here. I'll ride Traveler back to my place and get my tin lizzie and go in for your luggage. I'll bring you over some food, too. Then while I'm gone you think it over—look around the house, and if you still feel like staying, there isn't much more I can say. Only, Lindy Lou, I'd like to help out if I could, and if you'd tell me why you're here——"

He broke off. Lindy Lou said nothing but walked at his side to the gate, where Traveler nuzzled her hand. Lee patted the old horse's neck.

"Named for General Lee's horse," he said. "Dad used to ride him. He's not good for much now, but I ride him around the place some."

"Your fields join ours over there, don't they?" Lindy Lou asked, pointing.

"Yes, you can see the Beeches from your upper windows when you go up. So long, Lindy Lou. I'll be back shortly."

Lindy Lou watched him jog down the road. Nice boy, but a pity for him to bury himself down here. Should she tell him why she was at Twin Oaks? She strolled back up the walk, determined to explore the house while he was gone. And as she walked she asked herself again whether it would be wise to let Lee know something of her secret.

"I made a mistake when I told Anton," she thought, "but, then, Lee is different—and, well, not in love with me, and Anton is." Though why this explained Anton's attitude, Lindy Lou couldn't have told if her life depended on it.

Lindy Lou didn't linger on the porch. She felt if she stopped at all she'd never have the nerve to go in, so she marched straight through the hall to the kitchen. A rusty old range stood there, and hanging on nails beside it a dismal collection of old pots and pans. Lindy Lou forced the kitchen door open and pried up some of the windows.

"Now, when I get a fire started, and wash these windows, it won't be so bad, though it'll be hot as sin out here with a fire going."

She went into the dining room. There was an old table in there which could be moved into the kitchen. At the foot of the stairs she hesitated. Going up to the second floor took some courage, Lindy Lou looked over her shoulder, then said, "Fraidy cat" aloud in a scornful tone. The sound of her own voice cheered her, and she marched resolutely upward.

The bedrooms were as dreary as the rest of the house, but several beds were still standing, two of them with matresses and springs. Lindy Lou had sneaked a supply of sheets and towels from home.

"I'll give that matress a good beating to get the dust out," she thought, "and then I'll make up the bed. And tonight I'll push that chair against the door and I won't be one bit scared. And I'll do a lot in the house today so I'll be so tired I have to go to sleep."

She gave the matress a tenative poke and stepped back from the cloud of dust that rose, "gracious, I ought to get that outside." By dint of pulling and dragging she got it down the staircase and out into the yard. Then she found a stout stick and began laboring away at her task. Dust rose, Lindy Lou coughed. She put up a hand to push her hair back and left a streak on her face. But the work made her feel better and she beat the matress until she felt it was clean enough to sleep on.

"I'll make Lee carry it up for me when he comes back."

Then she set about gathering wood for the kitchen stove. She had matches in her bag and was standing over the stove, a perplexed look on her face, when Lee returned.

"The darn thing won't burn," she complained when she saw him in the doorway.

striding over to the stove and

"It might be a good idea to open the drafts," he answered, pulling them open.

"Isn't it nice to be smart and brainy," Lindy Lou jeered, then, "well, I've found a room to sleep in and an old broom to sweep it out. I've got a fire and there's plenty of water in the well. If you've brought me some food I'm all right."

Lee looked at her, "you're spunky all right, Lindy Lou. I'll give you that. I believe you have got enough pluck to stay here alone if I'd let you."

"I'm staying, so it's no use arguing with me."

Lee moved to the doorway, "come on out, Lindy Lou, it's nicer in the yard. I'll send old Mose over to cut these weeds for you tomorrow. But look here, are you going to tell me why you're so determined to stay here?"

Lindy Lou followed him to the yard and they sat again on the well curb.

"I'd like to Lee, honestly I would. And you've been mighty nice to bring out my bags and fix my fire and all that. Only it's well, it's a secret. Nobody knows but me — that is only one other person, and he doesn't count, now, that is."

To Be Continued

MAPLEHILL

BRINGS CATTLE TO SELL HERE

About 200 people gathered at Jackson's Point last Thursday for the annual Sunday-school picnic and everyone appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. The time was spent in swimming, ball games and races.

Mr. Newman of Toronto gave a splendid address at the weekly prayer meeting last week. Mr. Newman plans to be here in the interest of the Sudan Interior Mission once a month and he is always appreciated.

Mrs. Newman accompanied him and they had their baby, who has been so very ill, with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillary Stevens and little John David have been visiting Mrs. Harry Knights.

Wesley Railton of Sintaluta, Sask., brought a load of cows from there (it is the dried-out area) and expects to have a sale next week.

Miss Margaret Bartlett of Toronto is staying at the home of Mrs. A. Knights.

Era printing prices are low.

ELMHURST BEACH

W. I. ENTERTAIN VISITING CLUB

Elmhurst Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. I. Waldon on Wednesday of last week and had a most enjoyable meeting with Queensville Institute as guests. Mrs. Bain, the president, was in the chair and about 60 members were present. After a short business meeting the Queensville guests took over the program which consisted of a reading by Mrs. Chas. White describing the Passion Play, a recitation by Jean Cunningham, a reading by Mrs. Milne, a duet by Mrs. J. Watson and Mrs. Charles White, a reading by Mrs. Stanley Eves, a piano solo by Joyce Wright and a reading by Mrs. Micks, after which there was a contest with prizes.

Following this lunch was served and a social hour was enjoyed before dispersing. Everyone present enjoyed meeting together and look forward to other pleasant visits.

Holt

Housewives are busy with black currants and raspberries. There is a light crop because so many bushes were killed last year.

Madeline Babcook, who is ill with scarlet fever, is doing nicely. It is hoped she may soon be out again.

Mrs. Wm. Rutledge and daughter, Mary, of Newmarket, were visitors at the home of Mrs. Rutledge's sister, Mrs. R. F. Cunningham.

Congratulations are extended to Jack Couch and Vera Babcook who were successful in passing their entrance examinations.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Gibney and family, and Miss Belle Gibney motored to Toronto on Sunday to see Mrs. Gibney's sister, Mrs. Ross Wrightman, who is ill in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie of Toronto spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stickwood.

Mr. Jas. Knott and Maud had tea with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Little of Newmarket on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogg, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Morton, Miss R. E. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gibney, spent Sunday with Miss Madeline Hogg at Jackson's Point.

Miss Edna Thompson returned home on Tuesday after spending some time with Mrs. Roy Meads of Newmarket.

Rev. B. Babcook is holding a baptismal service at the river on D. Green's farm, Brownhill, on Sunday at 2.30 p.m., standard time.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Hoover had tea with their son, Walter, at Sharon on Saturday evening.

Misses Laurine Watts and Evelyn Thompson were guests of the Misses Beatrice and Marion Gibney on Sunday.

Mr. Paul Rutledge and Florence of Toronto are visiting at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Marvin Rutledge.

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MINER SPREADS GOSPEL OF LOVE FOR BIRDS

Jack Miner, Canada's naturalist-philosopher, believes that the education of children toward a love for birds is a long step in the direction of world betterment. That he carries out his precept in practice is indicated here. Small visitors to Mr. Miner's bird sanctuary at Kingsville, Ont., are helping the naturalist tag young mourning doves to help in studying their migratory habits. And it's obvious that he is having no difficulty in holding their attention.



HAY AND CHERRIES

The other day I had a chat with farmer of mature years who as having difficulty in securg sufficient hired help. Reently a robust laborer approached him at Toronto stock ards and asked if he wanted to re a man. Upon learning that y farmer friend lived in North ork and would have hay to ndle, the prospective employee id he preferred to go a differnt direction and pick cherries. During the past week I have d plenty of experience with oth hay and cherries; I have en making hay all day and ripping the high branches of r cherry tree in the evening. ersonally, if I had sufficient rength, I might like haying as ell as picking cherries. But, nding the hay crop somewhat yond my physical ability I ve been contemplating the hole question of work.

To the farm mind it may appear at a husky member of the nemployed is a slacker if he fuses to maul hay around. But dging from the effects repeated yings have had upon some of r farm people the objector may ve the sensible attitude. I ly know of one place where I ve found more men bent and isted than I have found among r older farmers; that is in the ums where one finds the results t of overwork but of malnuition, drugs, disease, vice and th. It may well be that the me has come to declare war on ng hours and overwork among r farm people.

There is a mental attitude still evalent among our people that ts work upon a moral pedestal. is an attitude that traces partly the heroic struggle of the oneers and partly to what the merican philosopher, Horace llen, in his "Decline and Rise the Consumer", has called the primacy of the producer. According to Kallen this idea of setting up production as an end in itself grew with the economy of the modern industrial world. Consumption was taken for granted; its reality was assumed until consumers failed to provide profits for production. Then the world wondered.

People are not much interested in the hopeless sort of existence described in the terse lines:

"We go to work
To earn the dough
To buy the bread
To gain the strength
To go to work."

Work is certainly necessary for man as an economic being. The word is defined as exertion for a remote end. As security increased in the early community so did the need for work. In his "Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind", H. G. Wells claims that man has no passion for work. "He has to be broken in to work, and social history is largely the record of the attempt to break men in. Humanity has never produced a real worker type", continues Wells. "The insect works by instinct. The ant likes work for its own sake. It is morally incapable of inaction. We are not travelling the same road as the economic insects. Man is travelling a road of his own that no form of life has ever trodden before towards unprecedented destinies."

About us we see a revolt of the masses against working for work's sake. The question we must now raise is whether the rebels are seeking man's "unprecedented destinies" or whether they will use their leisure for their own dissipation. If enough people object to grinding toil we may be able to abolish it. But we must replace it with human activities that are wholesome and creative and that minister to the more abundant life.

ARMITAGE

AIN DAMAGES LOCAL CROPS

A very heavy rain-storm passed er here on Saturday afternoon d did conderable damage to ops. The power was off for me time.

This neighborhood was shocked Saturday morning to hear of e very sudden passing away of former resident, Mrs. Lorne artman of Bradford.

The sympathy of the comunity goes out to her husband d family. A number from here tended the funeral service, held Monday, at Coulson's Hill emetery.

Congratulations are extended Miss Meta Middlebrook and iss Margaret Terry on passing eir school exams.

Mrs. Middlebrook, Sr., was called Bowmanville, on the passing her sister.

Mr. C. L. Snyder, crown atrney, Toronto, and his mother ere callers at the home of Mrs. R. Armstrong.

Mrs. Richardson, who is staying the home of her daughter, Mrs. alph Smith, is improving in ealth.

Ansnorveld

Rev. J. Balt of Hamilton reached at the Christian Reormed church on Sunday. Acompanying him were Mrs. J. alt, Mr. H. Vandenakken, Miss S. ighelaar and Miss L. Vandyken.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Biemold of amilton spent the weekend with e former's parents. Mrs. A. iemold returned to Hamilton ith them to visit friends there.

Miss N. Rupke of Hamilton isited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rupke on Sunday.

Mr. D. Flagg of Hamilton isited friends in Ansnorveld uring the weekend.

Mr. Geo. Horlings returned to hatham for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Hergaarden and amily spent Sunday with Mr. nd Mrs. A. Nienhuis.

Era printing prices are low.

HOLLAND LANDING

ARE GUESTS OF NEW INCUMBENT

Mr. Gordon Kitching was rushed to York County hospital on Sunday evening for an appendix operation. A speedy recovery is hoped for.

Miss Bessie Evans, who is spending the summer at Kahshe Lake, spent the weekend at her home here.

Miss May Stephenson is taking a much-needed vacation at her home here. The doctor has advised her to have a complete rest beore taking another position.

Misses Ruth and Jean Stephenson of Newmarket and Toronto, respectively, are holidaying at their parents' home.

Mrs. G. A. Reilly and family of Cookstown spent last week with Mrs. M. Evans.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Forte entertained the choir of Christ church on Wednesday evening at the rectory at Roche's Point. The young people, about 20 in number, speak very enthusiastically of their hosts and it is believed that the new rector and his wife are going to be very popular.

Misses Lois Fawcett and Dorothy Lane spent last week camping at Jackson's Point.

Miss Annie Morrow of Toronto is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. A. Stephenson.

The sympathy of the village is extended to Mrs. J. Barker and son Stanley in the loss of husband and father. Mr. Barker has always been a supporter of the United church and he will be sadly missed.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Prosser and daughter, Barbara, of Toronto, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Sheppard.

Mrs. Leslie of New York is visiting her brother, Mr. F. J. Sheppard.

Mr. F. J. Sheppard spent last week in Toronto.

"Johnny, the Hudson River flows into New York bay. That is its mouth. Now, where is its source?" asked the teacher.

"At the other end, ma'am."

GRAY COACH LINES
TRAVEL
The King's Highway
SAFE • DIRECT • ECONOMICAL
SUMMER TIME TABLES
Effective Saturday, June 26th

LEAVE NEWMARKET (P. D. Lloyd)		Standard Time	LEAVE TORONTO (Bay at Dundas)	
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
a 6.25	3.10		a 6.10	12.55
a 7.35	5.30		7.00	f 2.05
b 8.05	b 7.05		b 8.30	a 4.20
9.35	8.10		9.40	5.25
11.45	9.40		P.M.	b 8.15
			c12.25	10.00

a—daily except Sun. and Hol.; b—Sun. and Hol. only; c—Sat. only; f—daily except Sat.

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SNOWBALL

WEATHER AIDS SCHOOL PICNIC

The Snowball Sunday-school held their annual picnic at Royal Simcoe on Wednesday of last week. It was a great success. There was a good number present and everyone had an enjoyable time. The weather was perfect and the sports were under wonderful management. All enjoyed the water and returned home perfectly satisfied for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Gibney visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Farren on Sunday.

The church service on Sunday was well attended and the sermon was very interesting.

The Women's Institute will hold their picnic at Bayview Inn on July 29. Snowball will be united with the Kettleby Institute. A good attendance is expected and a very enjoyable day will be spent.

An ice-cream social will be held at the home of Mrs. A. Appleton next Thursday, sponsored by the W.M.S. of Snowball. It is hoped that everyone will come and enjoy a pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pottage spent Sunday with Mr. Roy Haines.

Mr. Norman Haines spent the weekend in Toronto.

Miss Rhoda Webb is spending her vacation at home.

SCHOMBERG

CRANE CAUSES HEAD INJURIES

A. Shipley had the misfortune to receive a nasty scalp wound while working on the road construction near Kleinburg last week when he received a glancing blow from one of the cranes which went out of order. He will be able to work again soon.

Dr. and Mrs. M. K. Dillane are on a two weeks' vacation at the Hotel Belvedere, Parry Sound.

Miss Lorna Dillane is on a vacation in Powassan with her brother, Dr. Eric Dillane.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McGowan spent Sunday at Lake Simcoe, where Mrs. F. Hunter and family, and Mrs. E. Carter and son returned home after a week's holiday.

Mr. Clifford Marchant of Weston was in town on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mr. N. Sproule and Miss Clara Sproule attended the Watson family reunion at Bond Head on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Russell spent Monday in the city.

Master Norman Hunt, son of Rev. and Mrs. H. R. Hunt, Toronto, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. N. Wauchope while his parents are on a motor trip through the maritimes. Rev. Mr. Hunt is a former rector of St. Mary Magdalene's Anglican church here.

The death occurred on Friday of last week of Miss Flora McCallum at Mrs. Rogers' nursing home here. The late Miss McCallum was an aged lady and had lived most of her life in King township. The burial took place on Sunday.

Pottageville

The United church held their Sunday-school and worship service in the church on Sunday. Mr. Switzer of St. George, now visiting Toronto, took charge of the worship service in the absence of the Rev. H. W. Strapp. Mr. Switzer delivered a stirring address on temperance, which everybody enjoyed.

The congregation of the United church extends their deepest sympathy to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Strapp and family in their sad bereavement of Rev. Mr. Strapp's mother.

Miss Edna Wilson of Toronto, who has been staying with Miss Helen Jarvis for a couple of weeks, is returning home this week.

Mrs. Butler, Sr., of Toronto has been staying for a time with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. Butler, but has returned home now.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Angus of Toronto have returned home after staying a week with Mrs. W. Weedon.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Emmerson and sons Donald and Kenneth of Nobleton, visited Mr. and Mrs. D. Emmerson on Sunday.

Sooner Live In India Than Here, Declare Missionaries

Continued from Page One

deal of enjoyment out of life."

The Sacrifice

"The sacrifice is when you have to leave your children to go to school in another country," Mr. Slater said. "We will have to leave our daughters this time. It means planning for college, holidays, and everything ahead of time as it will be eight years before we will be back. We left our son last time and have not seen him yet, but we will do so very soon now."

"Canadians and Americans have strange ideas of the people of India," Mrs. Slater said. "At times we are ashamed of their ignorance. My husband is an O.A.C. boy and when he was through, ready to go home to India, one of his professors asked him why he wanted to go to that terrible place among those awful people. Though he was an educated and intelligent man, he did not realize that the Indian people are just like other people and that they have many lovable qualities. During the cool season when our girls are back from school for three months, they associate with the native girls. Usually there are no other 'white' girls in our community."

Wear Out Men

"Premier John Bracken of Manitoba and many other men of high position in Canada today went to O.A.C. while I was there," Mr. Slater said. "I certainly would not change positions with them. You wear out your men too quickly here. They go at too fast a pace. They waste energy on useless activity, missing most of the best things of life."

Mr. and Mrs. Slater's work in India is among the rural people and their town is one of 12,000 population. In order to understand just what they are doing and the end to which they are working, it is necessary to know something about conditions.

Origin of Purdah

"The Hindus were the original inhabitants, and many centuries ago the Mohammedans came in from the north," Mrs. Slater said. "This made a change necessary in the life of the Hindus as the Mohammedans were allowed four wives at a time, and divorce was obtained merely by stating the fact. The Hindu women were put in 'purdah', or confinement, out of necessity. The Mohammedan wives were also confined. This state of affairs still continues, now out of 'respectability' instead of necessity, in the north. In southern India the women are allowed out on the streets.

"The condition is particularly terrible as the places are so unsanitary. There is no sanitation, no electric light, none of the conveniences at all.

A Use for Butter

"The Hindus, worshippers of idols, make sacrifices to their gods, usually in the form of clarified butter which is thrown over the idol. Butter is used, as anything pertaining to the cow is considered sacred, and it is quite expensive as it is here. You can imagine what it is like to have this spoiled butter and other rotting material in the house all the time. The butter sacrifice is made several times a day.

Taj Mahal

"The Mohammedans, on the other hand, are very clean. The Taj Mahal, near which we lived, is always spotless. This simplicity and spotless cleanliness characterizes all their buildings. Each leave I used to look forward to seeing the cathedrals throughout Europe but after the Taj Mahal, I can hardly bear to look at them.

"I don't know how they can keep the Taj so clean. Outside it is as smooth as a pearl, and it is all inlaid with semi-precious stones. The interior is marvelous and quite beyond description. It is set in a lovely park and perhaps that prevents some of the dust from coming in.

The Unclean

"Apart from these caste people are the millions who belong to the depressed classes. They are the ones who clean the houses of filth. They are considered too unclean even to be considered as Hindus. As they have been treated is this way for so many generations, they have the slave mentality and don't consider themselves as human beings with the same minds and bodies as the caste people. It is among these depressed people that we chiefly work.

"Education has made little progress as yet in India but what has been done has followed the encouragement of the British government. A very small percentage of the 350 million people crowded into a country half the size of Canada are literate. Now there is a greater percentage among the depressed classes than among the castes, due to the influence of Christians.

"The downtrodden are legally permitted to go to the schools but when they attend, the caste children all leave. Sometimes they are left in a little corner of the class-room and no attention is paid to them at all. The educational law cannot be enforced any more than the law forbidding child marriage.

Are Dependent

"For the work of cleaning the homes and streets of filth, the people are paid only by meals for the day. If they refuse to work, they starve. If they become Christians, they are refused work and they starve. It is only by making them independent economically of the castes that anything can be done to make any improvement in their lives.

"As they are very poor, things must be begun in a small way. In our district we work with poultry. We began by providing cross-bred stock but found that it would be more satisfactory and just as easy to work with pure-bred.

Work With Chicks

"We provide the stock or eggs and buy the eggs from the people to sell all over India. We have to guarantee the quality and the fact that they are pure-bred as the natives would not be believed. Black Minorca, White Leghorn and Rhode Island Reds are the favorite fowls. From the sale of the eggs, the people are able to get money and become independent.

"Now we are trying to work with goats but the trouble is to get the pure-bred stock. The government helps in providing the capital in order to get started in a big way.

"It works out that the missionary board pays the salary and gives a grant toward the work, and the government provides the working capital.

Women Important

"Education of the women is most important, as no advance can be made until the women are liberated from their ignorance. When I first went to the district I wanted to start a purdah club and I had to go to see some of the families about it. The family system is in effect, with as many as five generations living together. It is the old mother who has full control. They are so confined in the purdah that the women had no idea that there were similar women in the house across the street. When I mentioned the idea of the club, some thought it would be very nice but wondered whether there would be enough people as nice as they were to get it going. Some of the women were interested, some were set decidedly against it.

"One man I was talking to felt quite badly about the reception I had received from the women, but he said he could do nothing about it. It was his mother, and he was an old white-haired man, who made all the family decisions.

"We can educate the boys, but if we want to improve conditions, we must also educate the women. Medical advance means nothing if the women continue to live according to the old superstitions."

Squeaks Vs Horns

"The traffic here is terrible," Mr. Slater said. When asked what the traffic in his town consists of he listed the busses, ox-carts with the old wooden wheels, as they have been made since biblical times, pony carts, camel carts, bicycles, cattle, dogs and the people.

In spite of this conglomeration, which gets into traffic jams at times, he can't get used to the terrible noise of car horns.

"You can always tell whether the tomb is that of a man or a woman," Mrs. Slater explained, "as there is a slate on a woman's grave and a pencil box on the grave of a man. The custom arose from the idea that the man writes on the life of the woman."

Want Help

"More strange things happen in India than anywhere else in the world," Mr. Slater said. "Here a man does not go to his friends to ask them how to control his wife or what to do when she leaves him. In India they regularly come for advice to us and my wife does a lot to help them out of their difficulties. In many things they are just like children."

Life Is Amusing

"Many amusing incidents occur," Mrs. Slater said. "One of our friends was a bachelor and the cook had very little supervision. After one leave, however, he brought home a wife to India. The girl considered it her duty to look after the domestic arrangements and tried to see that the cook did all he should. One day she found him straining the clear soup through one of her husband's socks.

"She scolded him and told him that socks were made to be worn and not to strain soup. The cook then tried to console her and told her that he had not used one of her husband's clean socks. It was a soiled one."

A Heavy Dew

Mr. Slater told one story of his wife's attempts to care for the family health. "She was quite sure that the milk was watered each day but the milk man would always deny the charge. Eventually she got a babcock tester and found that it was.

"She explained to the man that the little instrument showed just how much water he was putting in the milk but he still denied it.

"Finally he made a concession. 'If there is any water in the milk it must be from the heavy dew that falls into it between my house and your house'.

Originality

"One of my friends had an amusing incident with the tailor," Mrs. Slater said. "She was having a coat fixed up that had a green collar. The collar was to be replaced with one of corded silk, the material for which was to come from overseas. She also sent some white stockings to be mended. Finally the mending all came home, with the white stockings neatly mended with the green collar. She has never been able to part with the stockings.

"One of our friends attended a banquet given by a native dignitary to which the high officials were invited. He had not associated with Europeans very much but had a caterer provide proper food and tablewear as well as servants.

"He managed the dinner very nicely by watching his guests and doing as they did. That was until the finger bowls were placed before them. By some means or other he was ready before any of his guests, and he did not know quite what to do with it.

"Suddenly the idea struck him, and before the horrified gaze of the young English girl who was sitting beside him, he took out his false teeth and swished them off in the water before returning them to his mouth.

"Turning to her, speaking in perfect English, he said, 'I don't know just what it is for, but I expect it is for that purpose'."

Laundry Methods

"It is rather difficult to keep buttons on clothing, as all the washing is done by the old method. The washerwoman takes the clothing and soaks everything in a strong soda solution. Then it goes down to the stream, canal, or brook, where it is beaten on the rocks to remove the dirt and get it clean.

"It dries out on the sand or grass. It is really remarkable how clean everything looks when it comes back. The treatment is rather hard on the buttons. They usually come back shattered.

"Another of our bachelor friends had had his buttons sewed on his six new shirts doubly well and warned the woman that he did not want all the buttons broken off in the washing. When they came back there was a little bundle neatly tied. In it were all the buttons. The washerwoman explained that she had cut them all off so they would not get broken."

Weather

"Some people have the idea that India is always hot," Mr. Slater said. "The doctor told us that our children probably lived in the most beneficial climate in the world, as their school happens to be in the mountains. They are up there for the nine months during our hot weather and they have holidays with us in the plains during the cool weather. Most people just get to the mountains for a week or a month for a holiday, just as they do here.

Refrigerator Houses

"The houses are built to withstand high temperature with thick walls of porous stone or brick, and ceilings are very high to give the necessary air space. Outside the sun temperature will be as high as 150 degrees but the house will be just 80 degrees or so.

"The sudden change in temperature leads to the large number of cases of pneumonia. With the very high temperature comes almost 100 per cent humidity. In the cool weather it is practically impossible to heat houses as there are only small fireplaces. You go outside to get warm and get on all your coats and everything you can to keep warm in the house."

Already the Slater family are looking forward to going home to India.

Newmarket W.C.T.U.

Those women who wear the familiar knots of pure white ribbon—visitors in many a saloon but never as customers—are still going strong.

Prohibition repeal notwithstanding, the Women's Christian Temperance Union began its sixty-third year with one of the biggest campaigns of its history.

"We are raising $1,000,000 to educate people to the harm of alcohol, so they will abstain voluntarily," said Mrs. Ella A. Boole, World President of the W.C.T.U.

"It will be carried on through the radio, movies and literature until 1939—the 100th anniversary of the birth of our pioneer crusader, Frances E. Willard, former Dean of Women at Northwestern University, who died in 1898."

"But that isn't our only objective," said Mrs. Boole. "We stand for peace as well as total absunence. Only today I received a letter from Buenos Aires telling how our Argentine women are getting ready for the Inter-American Peace Conference there."

Mrs. Boole chuckled when asked how long she had been enrolled n the cause..

"That would be giving away my age," she said. She has been a life-long advocate of the temperance cause.

Laugh Lines

Telling the Doctor

Doctor—How often does the pain come on?

Patient—Every five minutes.

Doctor—And lasts?

Patient—Well, a quarter of an hour, at least.

Looking for a Job

"Look here, Bogus," asked the colonel, "do you happen to know where Ink Johnson is just now?"

"Yassah. Sho' does, sah," replied Bogus. "He's asleep dis minute over in de shade of de lumber yard, lookin' for a job, sah."

Rastus: "Look heah. I done told you all not shoot mah roostah, ain't I?"

Sambo: "Yas, an' I told you all to keep you roostah outa mah garden too, didn't I?"

Rastus: "Dat roostah wasn't in yo garden. He jes' had his neck through dat crack in de fence."

Sambo: "Well, dat's all I shot wuz his neck!"

He had been trying to secure the attention of a waitress for 20 minutes, but at last got up from his chair and, going to the desk, demanded to see the manager.

"What for?" asked the girl.

"I've got a complaint," he replied.

"Complaint," retorted the girl, haughtily. "This is n cafe, not a hospital."

"The difference between the cow and the milkman," sneered the disgruntled customer, "is that the cow gives milk."

"Aye, so," said the milkman, "and the other difference is that the cow doesn't give credit."

"What's the formula for water, Jones?" asked the master.

"H I J K L M N O," spelled out the scholar.

"What's that?" barked the master.

The scholar slowly repeated the letters.

"Whatever are you driving at?" said the master. "What gave you that idea?"

"You, sir," said Jones. "You said yesterday it was H to O."

The deep-sea diver was hard at work on the ocean bed. Suddenly an urgent voice came over the telephone which connected him with the boat above.

"What's the matter, chum?" he asked.

"Come up quickly!"he heard. "The captain's just told me the boat's sinking!"

Two partners had lots for sale in a newly-planned suburban district. One, young and enthusiastic, was writing the advertisement, eloquence flowing from his pen.

"Napoleon," he wrote, "not only met opportunity; he created it."

His partner read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully.

"This fellow Napoleon," he said, "what is the use of advertising him with our money?"

Looks Out

"Ah, dear me, things aren't what they used to be," sighed Grandmother, discussing the younger generation. "Why, about the only time a modern mother puts her foot down is when the traffic light turns green."

CHARLES ARCHIBALD HONORED AT REUNION

The Archibald family held their reunion on Saturday, July 17, at the home of Charles Archibald, King.

Sixty relatives and friends attended and especially honored Charles Archibald, who was celebrating his 84th birthday. His family were all present for the happy occasion with the exception of a son, Rev. Herbert Archibald, California, and a daughter, Mrs. Ferris, Parry Sound.

After a sumptuous dinner Dr. Pinkerton of King, a close friend and neighbor, proposed the toast to "the king" and acted as chairman.

Another intimate friend, Dr. Lockhart of King, proposed the toast to Mr. Archibald. The reply was made by Charles C. London, reeve of the township of Toronto Gore.

Mrs. Lockhart proposed the toast to Mrs. Archibald and Mrs. London made the response. Mr. Archibald then gave a splendid historical sketch of the family.

Short addresses were also given by D. J. Egan, Rev. Harry Bartlett, Mrs. Violet Gates, Ambrose Archibald, R. Egan, David H. Archibald and Mrs. Wm. Evans.

Officers elected are: honorary president, Charles Archibald; president, David Archibald, Dunkerron; secretary, Mrs. Clark Archibald; treasurer, Arthur Wellesley; management committee, C. C. London; Mrs. Wm. Evans, Cookstown; Ed. Archibald, Arthur Wellesley, Ambrose Archibald; program committee, Ruby Evans, David Egan, May London, Hartley Evans, Douglas Wellesley.

Lunch committee, Mrs. D. Archibald, Mrs. D. Egan, Mrs. Ed. Archibald, Mrs. A. Wellesley, Mrs. Wm. Evans, Miss Violet Gates; press reporter, Mrs. Wm. Hollingshead, Schomberg.

The 1938 reunion will be held at D. J. Egan's, Bolton, Saturday, July 16.

Among those who called on Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, were Rev. and Mrs. Douglas Davis, King, and Reeve Jefferson, King township.

Kettleby

Mrs. T. Walker of Toronto has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Bogart, for the past week.

Miss Florence Stephenson of New Liskeard visited Mr. and Frank Homer and other relatives on the fourth line last week.

Miss Joan McEldon of Toronto is holidaying with her cousin, Miss Beryl Davis.

The Misses Iris Hollingshead and Shirley Muirhead, and the Misses Candace Terry of Toronto and Queenie Dumbleton of Woodbridge are holidaying at the Royal Simcoe Beach this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marchant were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crawford on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lepard and Lorna spent the weekend at the home of the latter's brother, Mr. Ross Storey of Trout Creek. They also visited the Quintuplets at Callander.

The W.M.S. and W.A. of the United church will meet at the home of Mrs. Frank, Davis on Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. Strapp and family attended the funeral of the former's mother at Muncy on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. R. Burling of Peterboro is visiting friends in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Heacock, Margaret and Earl, and Mr. Leland Heacock spent Sunday at Windermere.

Mrs. Walter Follott is recovering from her recent illness at the home of her sister in Toronto.

MUGGS AND SKEETER By WALLY BISHOP



Mount Albert

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Jardine are spending a week's holidays at Duck Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Williamson and Miss Barbara Williamson attended the wedding of Mrs. Williamson's brother, Mr. Morgan Madill, to Miss J. Lindsay at Balnafadd church near Georgetown, on Saturday.

Messrs. Ed. Haigh, Carl Moorehead, Stan Oldham and Oscar Dike attended the Masonic Grand Lodge held in Ottawa last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boyd, Mrs. Bauer and Miss Jean Boyd of New York have been guests of Mr. Boyd's sister, Mrs. H. Longhurst.

Miss Marie Draper has been visiting friends at Jarvis, Ont.

Mrs. J. Cook, Misses Evelyn and Marian Cook, and Mr. R. Young of Woodbridge and Miss Mary Parker of Toronto were visitors at the home of Mrs. D. Cook on Saturday.

Miss Marian Spencely of Toronto spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencely in town.

Mrs. J. Moore spent last week at Duclos Point and took in the Moore reunion at Greenwood on Saturday.

The annual Sunday-school picnic will be held on Wednesday at Port Bolster. On Sunday the programs with the lucky numbers will be given out at the United church Sunday-school.

Rev. Mr. Binington of Caledon will be the minister for the next two Sundays at the United church during the pastor's absence on holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilly have returned from a delightful holiday spent at Bass Lake. Miss Elsie Steeper spent several days with them last week.

Zephyr

The Misses Alberta and Lillian Baker, Miss Geraldine Jay, her brother Albert, and Mr Norman Gardiner spent Sunday at the home of Miss Loverna Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rynard returned from Stamford, Conn., on Friday. Mrs. J. E. Canning and Keith returned with them for a month's visit.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Murray and family are spending their holidays in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kearns and family of Toronto spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Myers.

Mrs. W. J. Rynard spent a week in Guelph, attending the centennial at her old home town.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirton spent a week near St. Mary's with Mrs. Kirton's relatives.

Miss Fair spent Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. Dewey Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Law are spending their holidays at Jackson's Point.

Rev. Dr. Mitchell preached inspiring and interesting sermons to large congregations at the anniversary services of Zephyr United church on Sunday. Miss A. Kingsley of Toronto sang solos and assisted the choir. The music, under the leadership of Mrs. A. Crowle, the organist, was very much enjoyed. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and the offerings of the day were very gratifying.

Beginning next Sunday, the Rev. Frank Townsend of Elgin will occupy the pulpit of Zephyr United church during holidays, while Rev. Geo. Murray will supply at Elgin.

MEET ON TUESDAY

North Gwillimbury township council meeting will take place on Tuesday instead of Monday because of the civic holiday. The meeting will take place in the township hall at Belhaven as usual.

Sandford

The garden party of Sandford United church, held at James Smith's, was a decided success in every way. The evening was an ideal one and lent itself to happy social gathering. The ladies of Sandford lived up to their reputation for providing a good supper and the program given under the "Miss Jessie MacGregor Bureau" was very much enjoyed by the large gathering.

Beginning next Sunday, Rev. Frank Townsend of Elgin will occupy the pulpit of Sandford United church during holidays.

Vandorf

The Vandorf public school reunion will be held on the school grounds on Saturday, July 31.

A. J. Van Nostrand of Elgin Mills is visiting at the home of Mrs. J. A. Van Nostrand.

The Vandorf branch of the Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. R. Willis on Wednesday of last week. The roll call was answered with "reasons why we are glad we live under the British flag."

Several members entered the vegetable salad contest. The prize was awarded to Mrs. C. Pattenden.

Mrs. Umphrey gave an interesting description of her trip to England and the coronation.

Visitors at the Bostwick home this week included Rev. Harold and Mrs. Underhill of Goderich, Mrs. J. F. Underhill of Hartney, Man., and Miss Henrietta Williamson of Terence, Man.

Miss Bernice Switzer and Mr. Alaine Cliff of Toronto spent the weekend with the Switzer family.

Mrs. Leach and son Edwin of Thomaston, Maine, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. Carr and family.

The Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. R. Scott on Wednesday. The topic, "Criticism, its use and abuse" will be taken by Miss Hawtin. The roll call will be answered by a Scripture verse on kindness. A reading will be given by Marguerite Preston. The hostesses will be Mrs. W. Pattenden and Mrs. Fred Preston.

The church service on Sunday morning will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Parks of Toronto.

Glenville

Mr. Chas. Blackburn of Brandon, Man., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Gordon Webster, for two weeks.

Miss Leone Dunseath is spending a week's holiday at the home of Mrs. S. Somerville.

Mrs. C. Wray spent the weekend in Toronto.

Miss Irene Keffer and Mr. Orval Parker of Toronto visited Mr. Wm. Keffer on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Gartshore and daughters of Sharon spent Sunday at Mr. Wm. Deavitt's home.

Mrs. V. Webster and family of Toronto are camping in Glenville.

The July meeting of the W.A. was held at the home of Mrs. S. Somerville, with a good attendance.

Bloomington

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McCormack and children, of Sudbury, are visiting at the home of Wm. Fockler.

Mrs. E. A. Storry, Ruth and Don spent several days in Durham recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Delos Morris of Rochester were visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith were in Brampton on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter and family were in Toronto on Sunday.

Mr. Murray Steele of Agincourt was at E. A. Storry's on Monday.

The monthly meeting and social of the Women's Association was held at the home of Mrs. A. Elson on Monday evening.

Sutton West

Miss Marion Thompson of Aurora is visiting Miss Gwen Pearson.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McGill visited the latter's parent, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Gibney one day this week.

Miss Pearl Culverwell is spending a week at her home here.

Miss Kae McKelvey of Gravenhurst is spending her holidays with her mother, Mrs. E. McKelvey.

Miss Chris Ardill, who is attending summer school in Toronto, spent the weekend at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cody of Toronto are spending the summer with Miss Janet Cameron.

Mr. Leonard Downes of Frederick, Md., is visiting Miss Iona Osborne.

Miss Margaret McDonald, nurse-in-training at the Toronto East General Hospital, is spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McDonald.

Misses Ruth Silver and Pat Robertson spent one day last week in Toronto.

Miss Violet Graham spent Sunday at her home here.

Miss Anna McDonald of Verdun, Manitoba, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Frost.

Ravenshoe

The Sunday-school picnic will be held on Wednesday at Jackson's Point. Everyone is urged to come and spend an enjoyable afternoon with the children.

Miss Norma Foster of Toronto is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Russell Glover, who had the misfortune to break her arm.

Miss Marion Torrens of Toronto called on Miss Ruby Hamilton on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowder visited Mrs. Orme Willoughby on Sunday.

Everyone is invited to attend the church service at 8.15 p.m. on Sunday evening.

Miss Ena Phillips has returned to her home in Toronto after spending a few days at the home of her uncle, Mr. Harold Glover.

Mrs. Frank Willoughby, of Island Grove spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Glover have returned home after visiting with the former's mother here for a few days.

Sharon

Members of the Sharon Women's Institute are holding a picnic at Sharon Park on Wednesday, August 4, at 2 p.m. for mothers and pre-school children. Mrs. R. Rogers will give an address. All members are asked to provide and games will be played.

Mr. and Mrs. Welly Stevens attended a family gathering at the home of Mr. Fred Featherstone, Burlington, on Sunday.

FOREST POLICY IS CRITICIZED

Declares Many Farmers Would Be Wiser To Cut Larger Tolls

Reforestation as carried out by the provincial department of lands and forests is a waste of money, according to Elgin Evans, East Gwillimbury township farmer. Mr. Evans has cut around 400,000 feet of lumber this year.

Mr. Evans maintains that there are thousands of trees throughout York county which are badly in need of cutting, as they have outgrown their usefulness to the soil and hamper the growth of new trees. The best way to promote reforestation, he says, is to weed out old and wasting trees and give the young shoots a chance.

"The government has spent huge sums of money during the past few years planting trees in bare and sandy areas where they will never amount to anything," Mr. Evans declared. "They are planted too close together and grow up with numerous branches and little trunk.

"The government should pass a law," he said, "to compel farmers of Ontario to cut every tree in their bushes with more than a foot and a half of girth at the trunk. A tree of more than 18 inches girth, regardless of its type, is serving little or no use to the soil."

Mr. Evans was born a few miles west of Sharon in East Gwillimbury and grew up on his father's farm. He started to work at lumbering at 16 and has been at it for nearly 25 years.

"I've cut millions of feet of lumber in my time," he declared modestly, "and I've been busy right through the depression. There are still thousands of trees in this part of the country in need of cutting, but you can't convince some farmers."

Mr. Evans has a market for every part of the trees he cuts, including the stumps, small branches and even the sawdust.

"We're like the abbatoir people, who use everything but the pig's squeal, we use everything but the bark," he said.

One of Mr. Evans' best markets is an Oakville lumbering company which ships maple hardwood to England for the manufacture of armaments.

"Our southern Ontario maple is better than the northern Ontario type," Mr. Evans contended. "We don't know exactly the reason for it but our maple is harder than that which comes from the north. The English armament makers will take all the No. 1 maple we can send them."

Mr. Evans has 30 acres of bush on his 70-acre farm about a mile south of Sharon on the west side of the highway. He has just finished cutting 175,000 feet of lumber from his own bush. In Vaughan and Markham townships, he cut over 200,000 feet. Employing five men he has been kept busy since last January.

After trees are cut he hauls the trunks with a tractor to the mill where they are cut up in lumber of required lengths. Odds and ends which cannot be used for timber are sawed in short lengths for firewood.

The Newmarket-Sharon district is abundantly supplied with maple and oak, he said, while in Vaughan and Markham townships there are mostly hemlock and pine. In his own bush are basswood, beach, maple and oak. A few years ago he tapped some of the maple trees but did not find it profitable.

"Let us show you what we are doing in the way of reforestation right here in our own bush," he declared, leading the way through a hilly wood, covered with thick underbrush and studded with the stumps of old trees. "Do you see all those young trees shooting up? They have grown from seedlings dropped from larger trees. You can see a lot of old trees which will never be of any use for lumber. They should have been cut ten or 20 years ago when they were in their prime. Some of them have decayed at the base while others are twisted.

"I have seen lots of woods right in this district which are full of trees ready for cutting," he pointed out. "I know one farmer in particular who had about 600,000 feet of lumber in his bush but he won't let anyone touch it. Yet he hasn't enough money to live on. The young trees can't get enough nourishment out of the earth and after they have grown to about 20 feet in height they sometimes topple over. If that farmer had those trees cut down and sold the lumber, he would have enough money for the rest of his life.

"The best brand of maple hardwood brings $80 per thousand feet while other lumber is worth $20 to $60 per thousand. We average about $40 a thousand for all the lumber we sell."

FRONTIER LIFE

(Continued from Page 1)

gami forest reserve. The numerous lakes, among them the beautiful Lake Timagami, nestle like gems in the emerald green of the virgin forest. It is a real treat to the visitor, the very example of the north country.

Beyond the game and fish reserve lies the ghost town of Cobalt, once queen of the silver fields. Now nothing but gaunt remains of shaft-heads exist to tell of the gay hey-day once enjoyed by this forgotten collection of frame houses, taverns, false-fronted stores—a silent prophet of what will in time happen to the now thriving towns of Rouyn, Amos, Noranda, Gowganda in the gold-fields to the north.

Haileybury and New Liskeard, though in the heart of this new industrial area, owe their slow and steady prosperity more to the railroad and the supplying of the wants of the neighboring countryside. Kirkland Lake perhaps is most typical of these far northern mining communities. The Lake Shore and Wright Hargreaves mines, together with several outlying workings, furnish employment to thousands of men. About these has sprung up like the proverbial mushroom every kind of establishment, movie houses showing last year's pictures at first-run prices, hotels with two-by-four rooms at two by four dollar rates. Money is plenty and loose; a real frontier town.

Sudbury, to the west of North Bay, is the glorified prototype of all the mining towns. It impressed us so, we decided to stay a while and see life and times as the miners see it. We camped high on a jagged peak overlooking Black Lake and after battling swarms of persistent mosquitoes, who seemed to be prospecting for something or other, got a night's sleep. The whole countryside is stripped bare of every vesture of foliage by the sulphur fumes from the gigantic stacks of the smelters of Conniston and Copper Cliff.

The bald hills jut up against the sky-line boldly like battle-scarred front lines, another example of man's victory over nature. We were surprised therefore to wake up next morn to find ourselves in the middle of our breakfast, a patch of wild blueberries. We soon solved this problem and moved into the town to "sociologize" or mix with the people.

There are over 25,000 inhabitants resident in Sudbury and surrounding outskirts. The population can only be given in round figures because of its transient nature. Every day hundreds are hired and fired at the smelters and mines of the International Nickel Co., which supply the reason for Sudbury doing lots more than just existing. The Nickel company employs 15,000 people in its plants and the rest live off these workers. On payday, every two weeks, over a million dollars goes out in wages and needless to say the town is literally pulled to pieces. The men are mostly single and live in boarding houses that accommodate as many as 40 or 50. To say accommodate is hardly fair: sardines or rats are well off in comparison. The life is high, wide, and not so handsome. Yet many stick it because there is money in this game.

The smelter is a study in modern industry. Monstrous converters, travelling cranes, white-hot metal pouring in steaming streams, electric locomotives, towering smoke stacks and the ever-present cloud of yellowy smoke. A hurry-scurry life, hard work, lots of hard money and the optimistic outlook of the northern pioneers; such is a thumb-nail sketch of Sudbury, home of the largest nickel producers in the world.

At the Soo is another of Canada's big industries, woodpulp. The Abitibi Power and Paper Co.'s mill turns out thousands upon thousands of feet of the paper on which this is printed. Down the rivers come the logs in the spring drive. They are cut in length, hoisted from flumes to the top of high "woodpiles". As needed they are taken inside, peeled, gound to saw-dust and, after being treated with chemicals, pass through other processes to come out in huge rolls of newsprint several pages wide. Farther along the route we saw the first step, the cutting of the trees themselves.

Through the canal at Sault Ste. Marie passes more traffic than in the Panama and Suez canals. The Soo, with its historic spots, for it has seen the passing of Nicolet and Joliet, Champlain and the others, was of particular interest to us as a point of departure for the neighboring country across the line. The road is not finished to the north of Lake Superior, so we found we had to detour through the United States to join the Trans-Canada Highway again at Fort William. And so we go on, "Westward Ho-ing".

Prize Verse

In an Atlanta school a prize was offered for a story of the fewest words in rhyme. A colored boy won it:

A mule in the barnyard, lazy and slick,
A boy with a pin on the end of a stick
Slips in behind him as still as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

Could Take a Chance

Vicar: "I think I shall pray for fine weather to-day."

Verger: "Just as you like, sir—but forecast definitely says 'wet'."

"I once knew a lady who was turned into wood."

"Really?"

"Yes; she went on a vessel and so, of course she was aboard."

"Well, I heard of a woman who was dumb for twenty years and who regained speech in a minute."

"Nonsense!"

'Not at all. She went into a cycle shop, picked up a wheel and spoke."

Even In Africa

"I see that an explorer in the Congo has discovered a new tribe, the men of which beat the ground with sticks."

"Dear, dear! Fancy golf spreading to Central Africa!"

Terse

"Make it short and snappy," cried the city editor. "Boil it down."

And when they handed the new rewrite-man the Ten Commandments to try him out, he wrote:

"Don't."

The Era office is open Saturdays from 2 to 5 p.m. and from 8 to 10 p.m. for the renewal of subscriptions, for the convenience of out-of-town subscribers. Subscriptions may also be renewed with Mrs. W. R. Steeper, Mount Albert, Murray Huntley, Queensville, Mrs. A. C. Marritt, Keswick, Miss Pearl Ward, Sutton, or with any authorized Era correspondent.



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